BY RYAN ZAK

THE HEART BEAT PURPOSE

- "The Heartbeat Purpose"

Tree bug scene?

after dream

↳ At some point

"I am suddenly aware that I am dreaming under the birch tree.

awake. I know it

The grass scratches my arms causing itchy red bumps to pop up like magma filled craters.

is still daytime

Cool

because the sun

~~It's too bad bird~~

is out. ~~Can't smile. I bet~~

I try, but I ~~thought sky dreams~~ #1?

cannot. ~~Still they~~

- A New beginning.

I cannot imagine ever being completely honest w someone.

restaurant convo - is it a dream?

manly men

I wish we stayed there and never left. I wish our eyes never saw anything but trees and animals I wish our eyes never heard the beautiful roar of the deathmobile but only thunder of the Arctic sky.

2 long thoughtful grand canyons of red-headed silence

She buries HER BREATH. Two legs — link feet / windowsill

scene ow ed write

book books

hair bittersweet

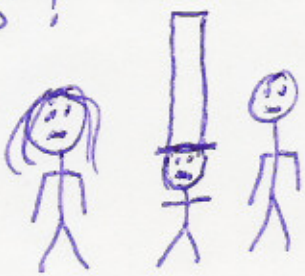
scene

For
Nick Drake
and
his music.

(1)

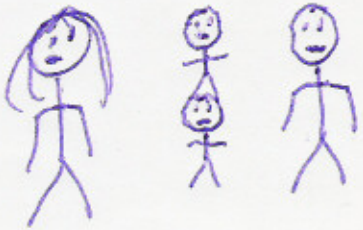
Why don't midgets always use stilts?

Why don't midgets wear tall hats?



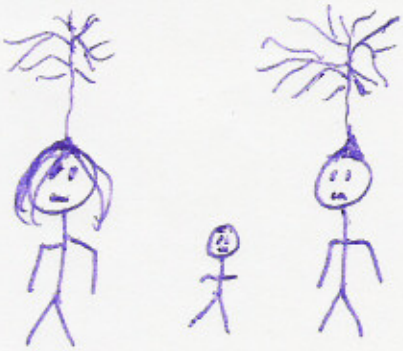
(2)

Why don't midgets stand on eachother's heads?



Why don't midgets climb tall trees?

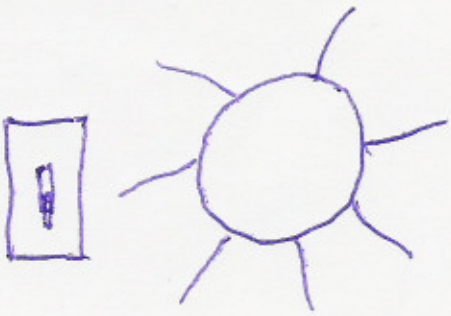
Why don't short trees stand on tall people's heads?



Would a barren tree look the same if it were upside-down?

4

In the future, will we be able to turn the sun on and off like a lightswitch?

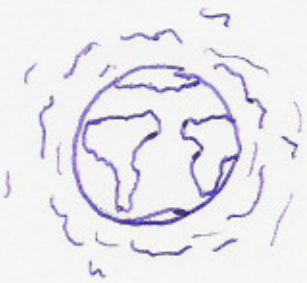


If so, who gets to control the switch? What if that person sleeps in?

What if they have a sudden urge to see the stars in the middle of the day? What if a 10-year-old boy stole the switch? What if he used the sun as a strobe light?

6

If all the epileptics in the world had a seizure at the same time, would it feel like an earthquake?

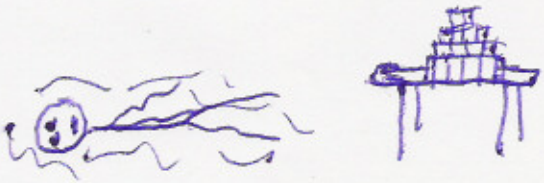


(7)

When is the worst time to have a seizure?

When your boyfriend is proposing to you?

While building a house of cards?



8

While playing Jenga?

While peeing in the forest?

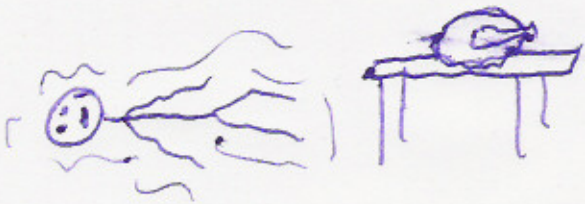
9

While delivering a baby?

While delivering a pizza?

10

While slicing a turkey?



While swimming in the middle of a lake?

11

While skydiving?

While carrying an armload of watermelons?

While walking on the moon?

While petting a tiger?

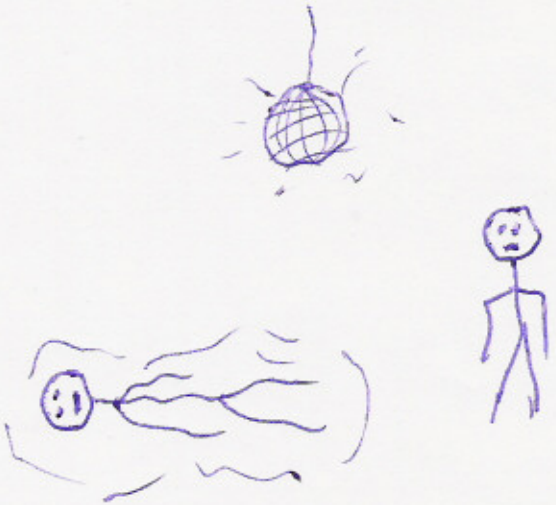
13

While trying to sneak up on someone?

While defusing a bomb?

When is the best time to have a seizure?

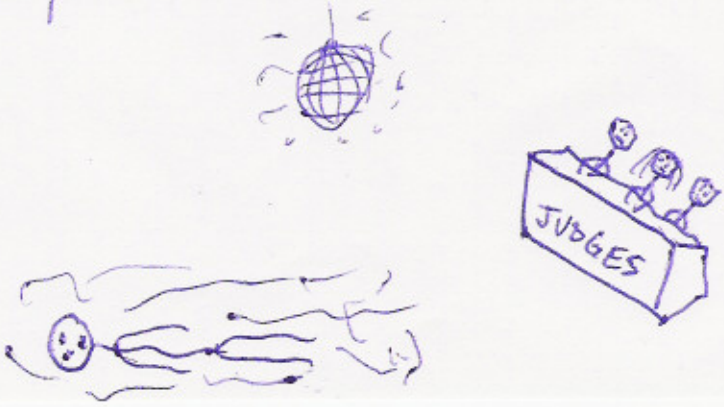
While on a dance floor.



15

While at a dance-off.

While at a dance competition.



These are the thoughts I awake to. I open my eyes and am immediately sorry for having severed that train of thought.

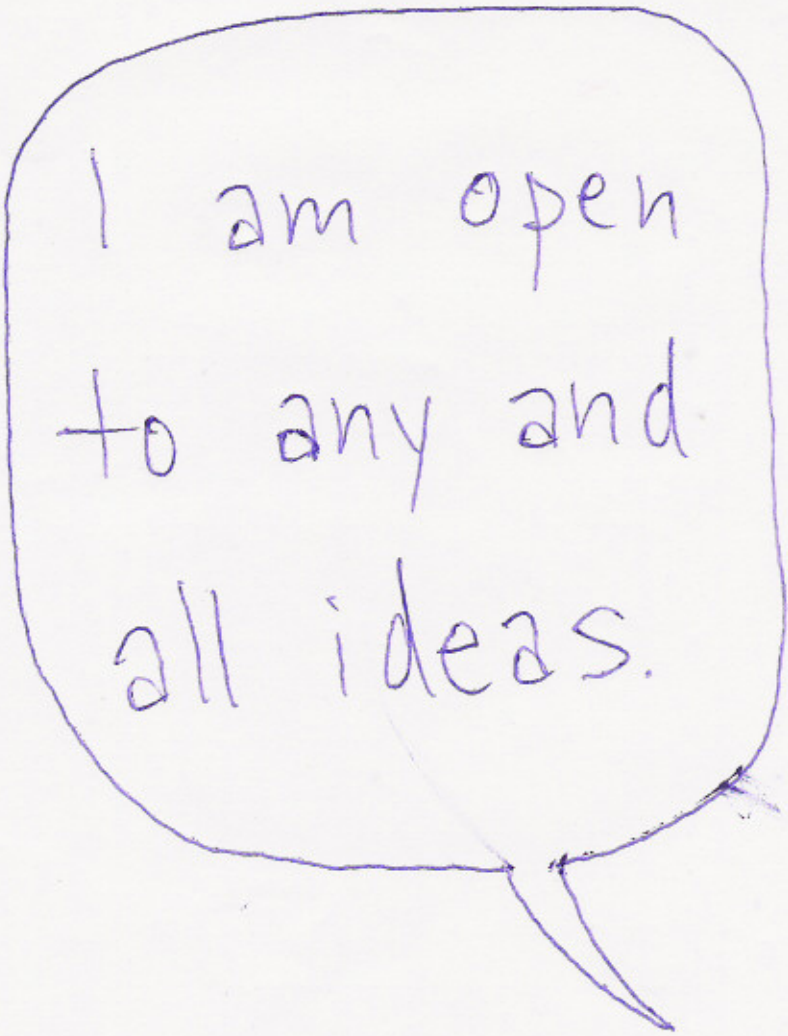
I hear sparrows chirping noisily in the birch tree outside my window. I walk to the window and throw open the blinds. The sun blasts down from the sky.

A cloud hangs, like a patch of spilled milk on a blue tablecloth.

18.2

I stare at the cloud
and mutter to
myself.
At the start of
the day
It is good to look
up at the sky
and say,

18.3



I pick up a crumpled piece of paper from the floor next to my bed. There is a poem written on it. It is in my writing. I do not remember writing it.

The title of the poem is "Madly In Love." That's strange. I've never been madly in love. Unless you count animals. I was once madly in love with

a kitten. I think...
This is what the
poem reads:

"Madly In Love"

Your face is so beautiful
I could paint a picture
of nothing on it
And it would be a
work of art.

Your hair is so long
It makes snakes jealous.

Your breasts are so shapely
It makes statues cry.
Your heart is so large
It can be seen from
outer space.

Your voice is so lovely
A whisper sounds like
The symphony Beethoven
wished he wrote.

Your skin is so soft
I could slice through
it like butter.

The poem ends there...

Huh. It's not bad up until the last couple lines. I wonder what it means?

I've never understood anything I've done.

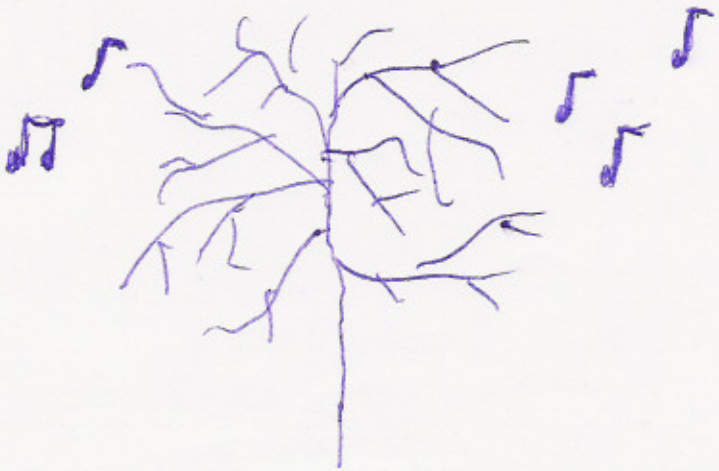
25

I've just done it and afterwards I've been grateful.

I must make my first decision of the day.

Do I want to be
slow and beautiful
or fast and fun?

The birds chirping.



the cloud like
spilled milk.

I decide to be
slow and beautiful.

I decide to question things. Why is my body shaped the way it is? Why do my limbs move the way they do?

I truly am an alien.

I'm not a duck.

I'm a tastebud-waster.

I don't eat fish.

They're too pretty.

Food in my mouth grows bland as the world around me brightens. Eating feels like a chore.

My senses are deadened, my thoughts

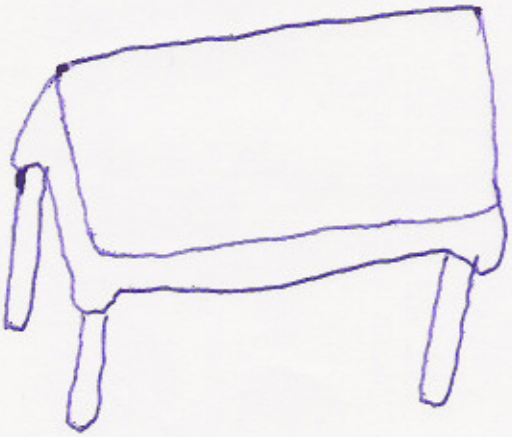
are dull and lazy.
I am complacent
and heavy and full
of desire for that
lost sharpness.
My mind does not
recognize my body.

Slow and beautiful.
I begin to notice
things again. I
notice my movements,
my actions, the
sounds and smells
around me.

Everything my eyes
fall upon I study.
I question the
walls and the
ceiling.

35

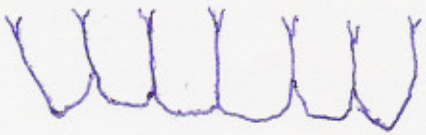
I look suspiciously at my kitchen table.



I swear I've never seen it before.

I pay attention to my daily routines. All these things I do instinctively, automatically, they all seem so foreign to me now.

I study the colour and texture of my teeth as the brush flies back and forth across them.



I stare in wonder
at the lathery
soap bubbles on the
backs of my hands.

I look closer. I no longer see bubbles. On the back of my hand is a perfect world, a brilliant work of art composed of

thousands of perfectly round transparent globes. I watch with fascination as the razor slowly slices through the short

whiskers on my chin. Why do we call facial hair "whiskers"? I've never seen a person whisk anything with their facial hair. Though I

once saw a man knit a sweater from his beard.

I look out the
window at the
towering birch tree.

I watch it sway
slowly.

I wonder how many leaves it has? Probably as many leaves as there are hairs on my head. I walk outside and lay down under the tree.

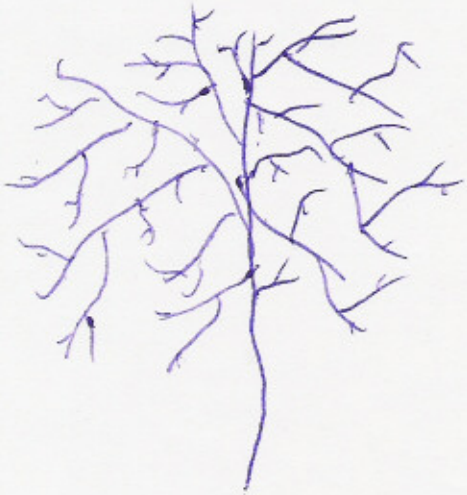
The grass is soft and warm on my skin. A tiny green bug lands on my arm and struggles to make its way from my elbow to my wrist.

It trips over a hair. It jumps away into the nothingness. I close my eyes and listen to the leaves. the birds have

grown quiet. I also
grow quiet and
a peaceful something
washes over me.
Who could have
made such a tree?

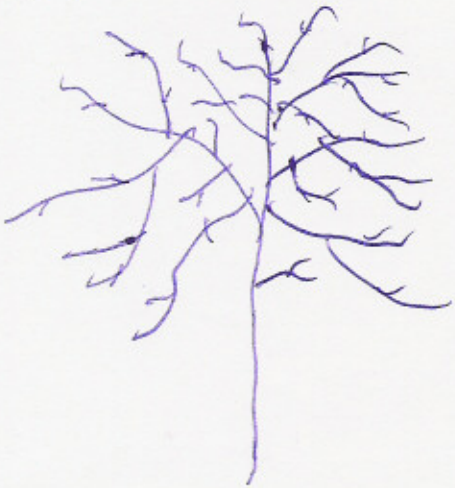
48

Who could have imagined such a thing into existence?



In the beginning,
nothing.

Then a memory.
Then a tree.



50

Then an apple.

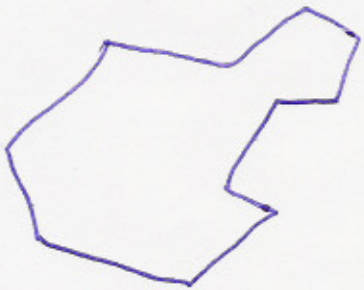
Then an animal.

51

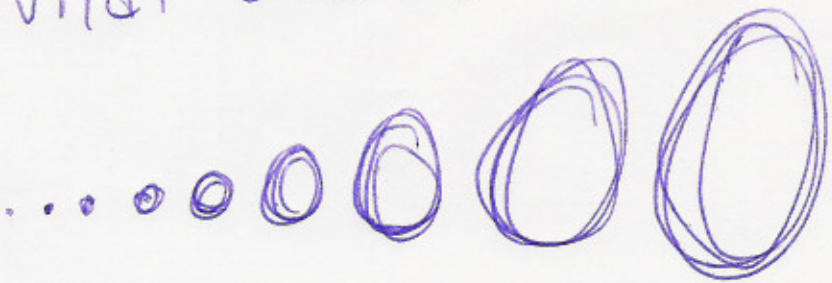
Forming one dimension at a time.

What colour?

What shape?



What size?



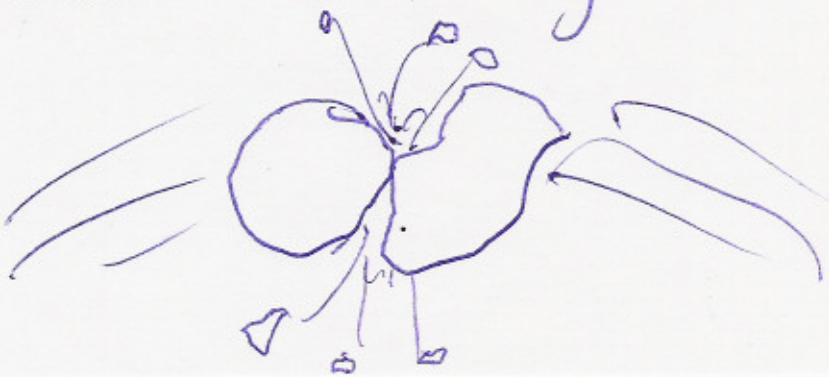
One aspect is left out: what purpose?

Purpose is presupposed.

53

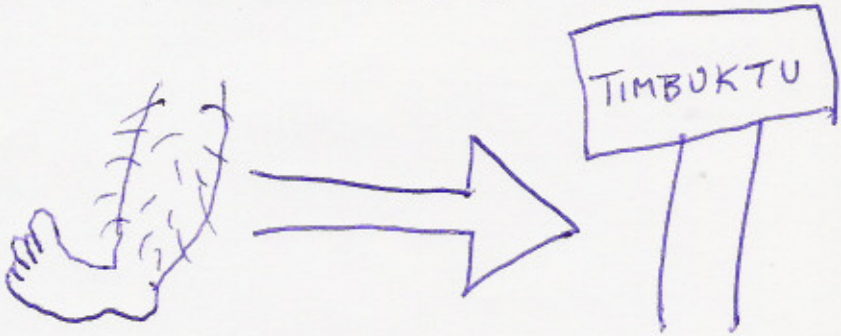
What is the purpose of a heartbeat? Humans give the heartbeat purpose. But what gives humans purpose? The heartbeat, I suppose.

Wide-open eyes take in everything but the logical. One from here, one from there, like rocks colliding.

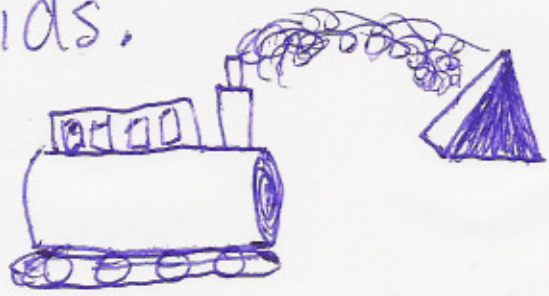


55

Riding bare-legged to Timbuktu.



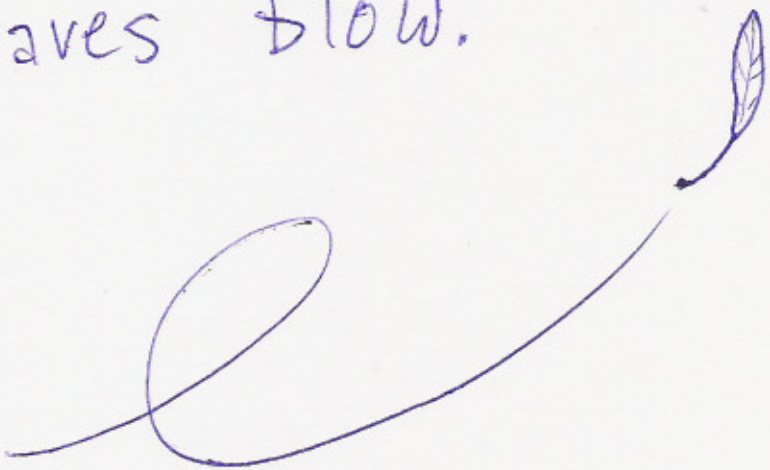
A dreadful train whistle sounds the pyramids.



56

We hear the triangles and are free.

We learn like the leaves blow.



We see like the
river flows.

We live like the
sky changes colours.

A blank spot in my memory.

I hear a pretty girl calling my name...

59

I realize it was a monkey the whole time, with a speaker strapped to its chest, blaring Alanis Morissette.

60

I suddenly have a fearsome itch, but I cannot place it on my body. How does one illustrate an itch?

Like a blinking
red siren on your
skin.
"I have an itch.
I have an itch.
I have an iiiiiiiiiitch."

I squirm like an eel, trying to escape the itch, but it hangs on like a magnet to a knight in armor.

"If you have an itch, why don't you scratch it?" asks the old lady with the enormous head.

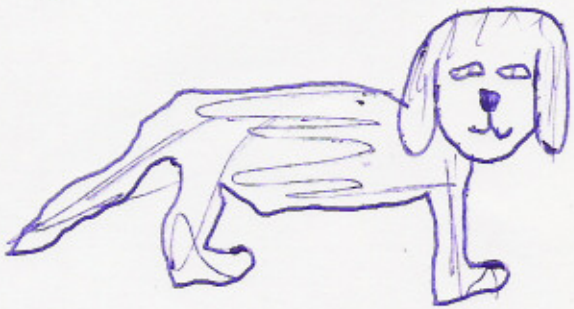
I unzip her head and cram it full of turkey pudding. "Why did you do that?" she asks.

I gently take out her eyes and put them in my pocket. "There, there," I say and give her a bite of my sandwich.

66

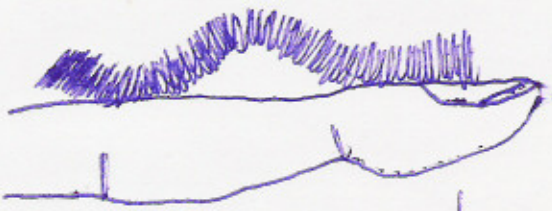
I secrete zamboogli
from my left
nostril onto the
clouds below.

Bam goes the dog.



Boom goes the cat.

The mustache
crawls along my
finger.

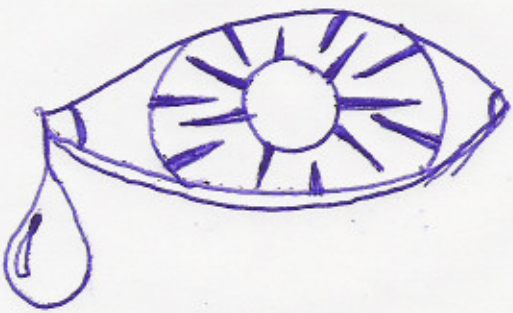


The man is too busy
eating his own
ear to notice

his soul escaping.

Screaming birds.

Mourning tigers.



(70)

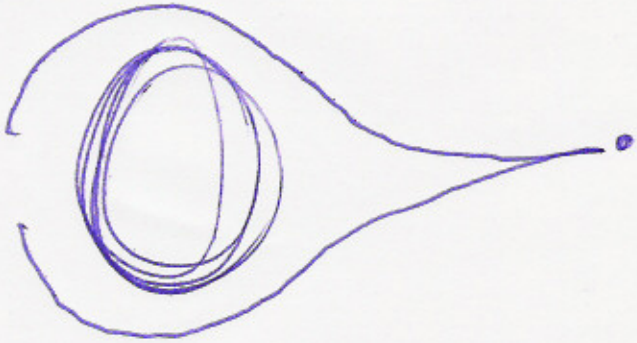
Animals confused.
Why are they
moved to tears
over such
meaningless things?

71

The dance of a rat in the sewer is still graceful.

72

Words crawl
backwards eating
languages.



Distant ancestors
outlive futuristic
modular holographic
beings who will
never exist.
In the future our
souls will not
have skin.

74

Our meanings will
not have words.
Our thoughts
will not have form.
We will flow
through eachother.

75

The ocean will rest within us and the earth will float on our surface.

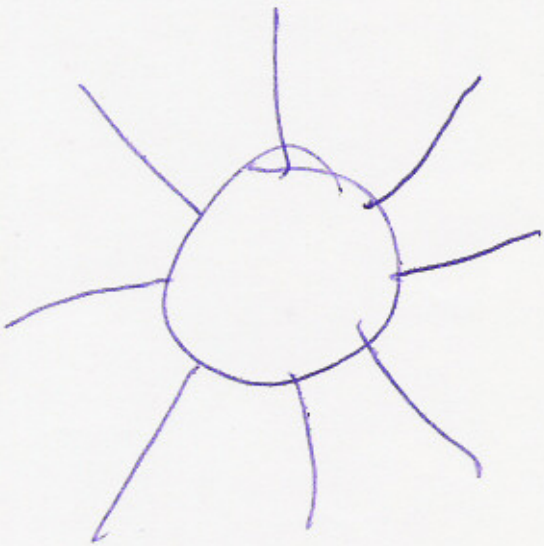
I am suddenly aware that I am dreaming under the birch tree.

In becoming aware
of the dream,
the dream evaporates,
my eyes open,
I am unaware
again as I enter
this new dream.

The grass sharpens its edges against my skin, causing itchy red bumps to rise up on my arms like magma-filled craters.

19

I know it is still daytime because the sun is out.

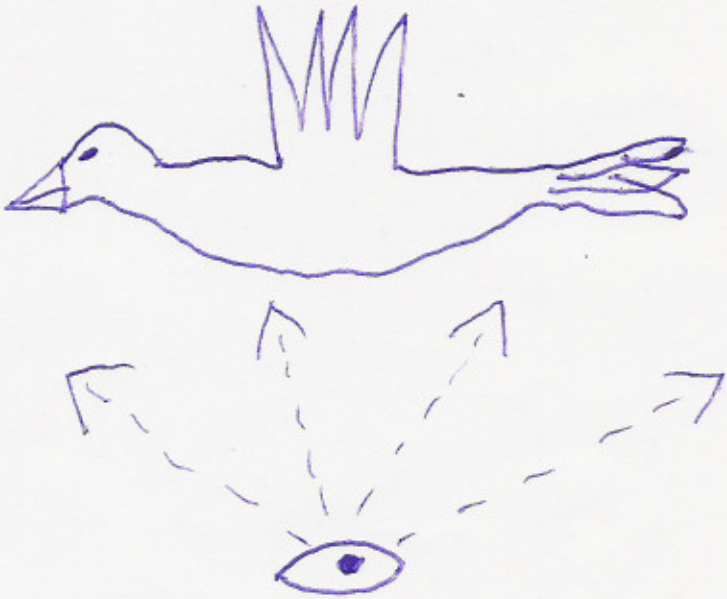


80

I learned everything
I needed to know
by grade two.
For some reason
I kept on listening.

81

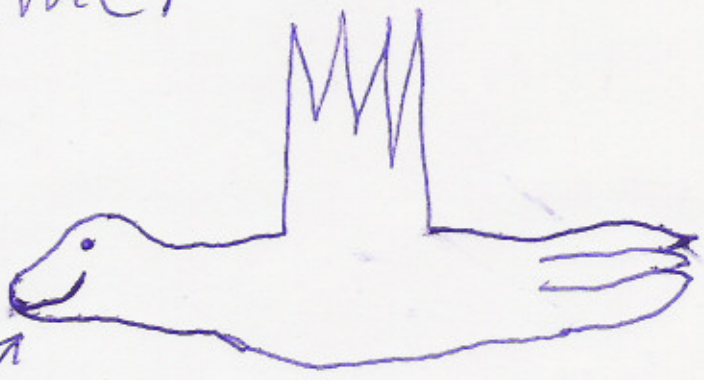
My pupil instinctively follows a bird's trajectory.



82

I like to think
that birds fly
for their own
birdinal enjoyment.
They don't have
anywhere to go.
They just love
to fly.

It's too bad birds can't smile. I bet they'd smile all the time.



Bird Smile

84

When I get to heaven, which should be any day now, I will ask God, "Why didn't you give birds beautiful smiles to light up the sky?"

God will look at me with a confused expression on his face.

What, do you think God speaks English?

In grade two I believed that love rests on goose wings.

the T.V. has since taught me that love rests in mutual sexual satisfaction. Boy, do I feel dumb.

87.2

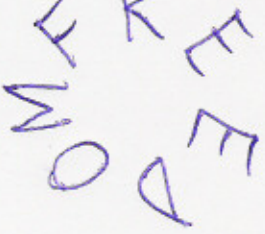
If wisdom could tell us one thing it would be this: "Stay away from television." I imagine hell is full of T.V.s.

87.3

Surely wisdom is all the things we knew before we were born, and nothing more. Why am I writing this? I'm just a fool with a pen.

So much can
happen while
laying under a
birch tree.
Is this freedom?
It's hard to say.

Like many things, freedom is circular. It is part of a circular spectrum.



While freedom is at the opposite end of the spectrum from captivity,

91

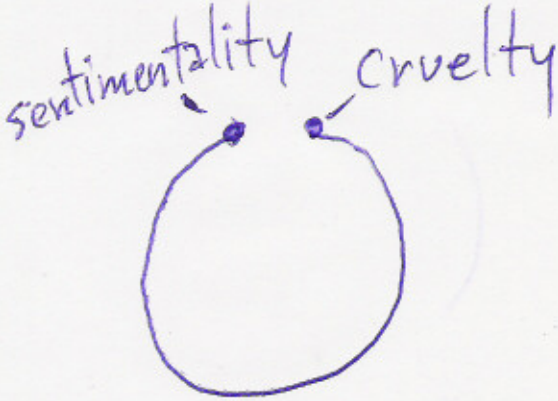
freedom is also one small step away from captivity.

92

Joy is one small step from despair.

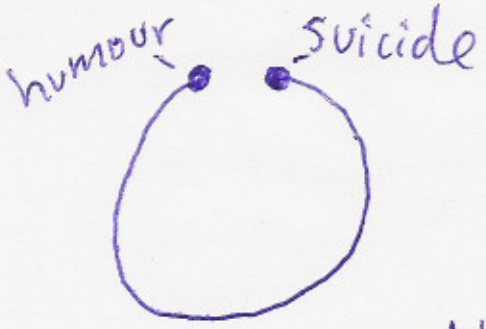
93

Sentimentality is one small step away from cruelty.



94

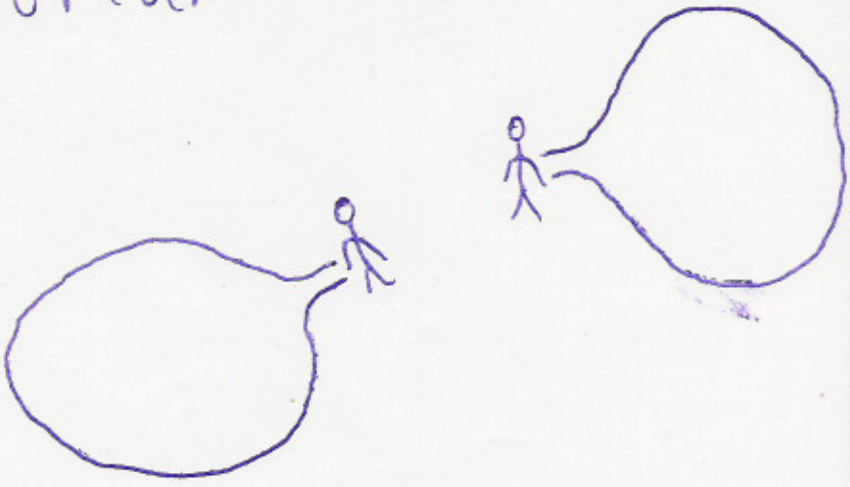
Humour is one small step away from suicide.



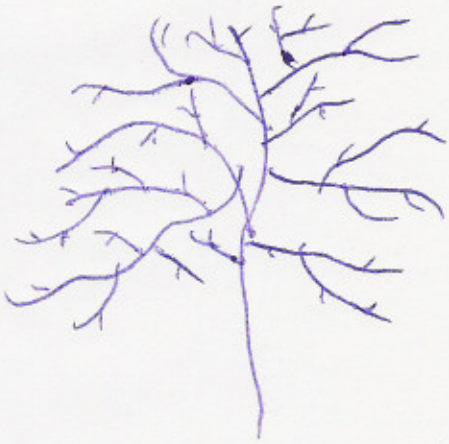
Why do you think so many good-humoured people kill themselves?

95

Yes it's true.
Every person is
an opening into
an entirely new
world.



Who made this tree?



Whoever made it, I want them on my side.

I want their
creative blessing.
I want just a
fraction of their
imagination.
I want them to
smile down on me

98

as I write, as
I listen to music,
as I sleep under
this birch tree.

99

What causes the distant corners of the mind to converge in the center? What causes them to return home?

100

the universe lines
up perfectly
To create this
wonderful thought.
When I try to
return to it
I find I cannot.

101

A tree is a tree.

A colour is a colour.

But I am entirely composed of opposites.

I watch as the shadows on the ground reach up to colour the bottoms of the leaves dark green.

103

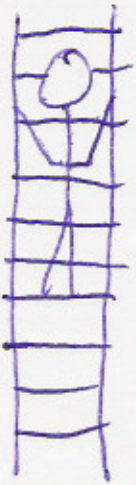
As the wood of
a tree nestles
against the wood
of a fence, the
branches lunge
backwards to
embrace the trunk
as something more
than brothers.

104

What must it feel like to be the branch at the top of the tree?

105

Humans use ladders to taste the wind on their skin.



106

Our ancestors cleaned their teeth by smiling upwards at waterfalls.

What am I talking about? Hold on... I'm not seeing straight. I'm seeing too clearly.

It's sometimes difficult to tell the difference between seeing clearly and seeing with blurred vision.

Our blurred vision obscures our blurred vision. Am I walking straight or am I stumbling?

110

Am I speaking clearly or am I mumbling?

Am I all-powerful or am I powerless?

Am I slurring my words or is that the sound of pure solar wisdom blowing like the wind from my lips?

112

Do I love money or do I despise it?

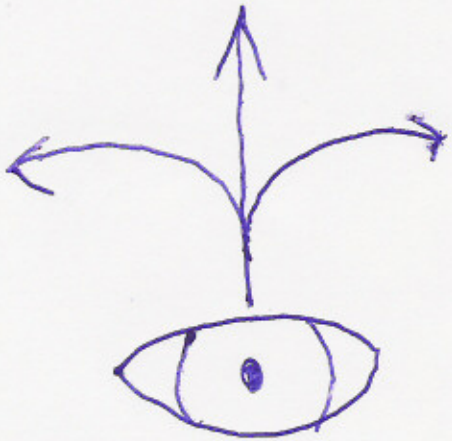
Do I want to change the world or do I want to escape it?

113

Do I want peace
or do I not
want to hear
stories of war?
Do I want perfect
ugliness or do I want
imperfect beauty?

114

All sight is straight and all thought grows sideways from it.



115

The universal honest eye whose vision lasts as long as it takes for the electrical signal to travel one inch to the brain.

...I've seen so much yet I have nothing to say. Nothing but statements of fact:

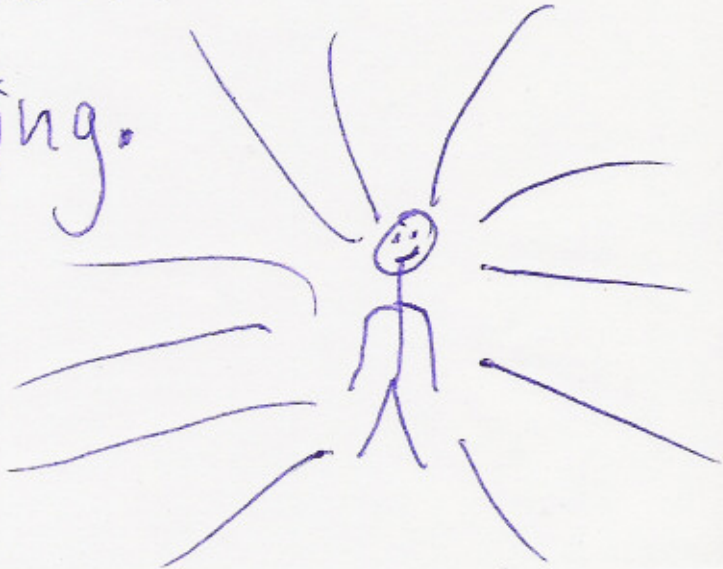
She has long legs.

He smells like sour pickles.

She has lovely eyes like wet marbles.

119

People can make you feel alive only if they themselves are glowing.



120

I once met an architect. She was not lacking in intelligence. She was missing melody and life behind her words.

121

She was missing that spark.

the silence must have a spark.

Do you understand?

122

the moment a woman says she loves me is the moment I begin to despise her. I'll explain later.

the smart ones keep their feelings inside.

... None of this is true.

124

Half of every female brain is chewed up, disintegrated.

125

Every male brain resembles that of a 12-year-old sociopath.

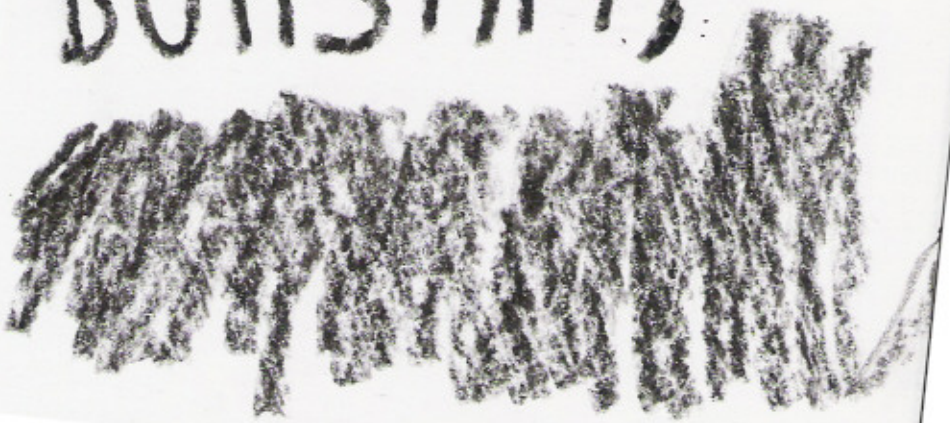
126

This is all
just a test,
a pop quiz
for my brain

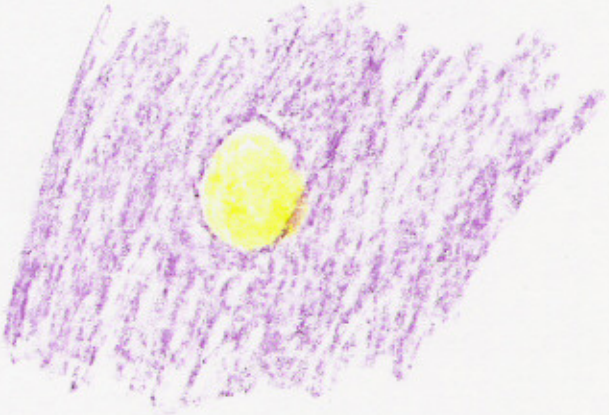
to see if it
can come up
with something
from nothing,
to see if
it can

(128)

darken the
page with
beautiful
bullshit,



to see if it
can reach out
and grab a
firefly from
the ether.



130

I once set a girl's couch on fire.

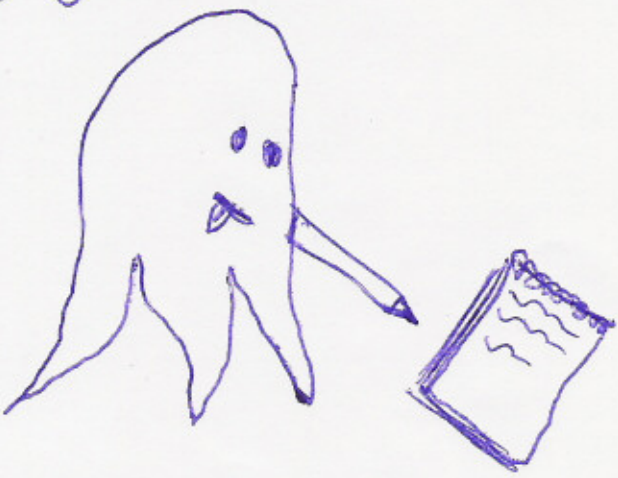
She told me it was disrespectful.

I told her that if she ever set my couch on fire I would cheer her on.

She never did.

132

My journal is identical to that of a ghost:



133

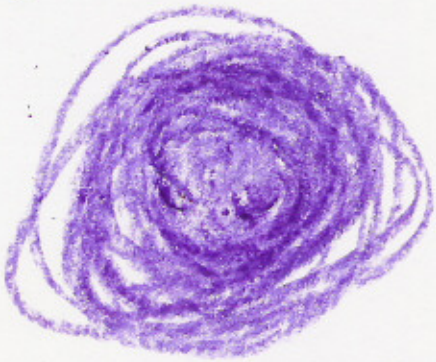
"I walked through
a wall today,
I looked into a
man's soul today,
I saw a naked
woman today,

I was invisible
today, I was
nobody today,
I was nothing
today, I was
nowhere today.

135

I was here on earth in a specific spot at a specific time today. I was alive today."

Proof of my existence:



I draw a purple spot, therefore I am.

137

Suddenly I am filled with childish words.

LOVE ME.
LOVE ME.
LOVE ME.

138

LOOK AT ME.

I AM

INVISIBLE.

Listen to me.

I am silent.

LOVE ME.

I AM

EMPTY.

140

Money has no place here.

Money is worry coloured green disguised as happiness nicknamed security.

(141)

It is precisely because I do not care about anything that I care about

<u>you.</u>

142

It is because I do not care whether I am happy or not that I seek happiness with my entire being.

143

I have no cares in the world so I will care about you. I have no goals, no ambitions, no desires, so I will help you.

144

I have nothing to say, so I will sing.

145

I do not care because I do not see the point in caring, I do not want to be against

146

anyone or anything,
I do not want to
be enemies with
those who do not
care about the
same things that
I care about.

147

148

Artists do not create because they care. They create because they are compelled,

because they must create or they will die.

CREATE

OR

DIE

150

My head is a 24-hour bakery full of sweet-scented thoughts, hot like an oven.

151

To be still is to act. To act is to be. To be still is to fade away. To fade away is to be.

152

You do not need to care to take action. You do not need to care to be kind.

153

Kindness should be implied, but to care is to inflate my opinions with false worth, that is, with

worth from within,
rather than
meaningful worth
ascribed to me
from without,
by the being who
created trees,
or whoever.

155

Jeez, what happened to the light-hearted atmosphere?

156

I wish I could write for all eternity, but eventually the mind grows sick and weary.

157

Bloated with
words it pukes
them all out
and goes back
to sleep.

158

This moment is no different from any other. This moment is worth as much as this moment.

159

The next moment...
is worth as
much as the
next moment.

Ten years from
now,

160

due to inflation,
this moment
will be worth
four moments.

(161)

I notice a woman walking by with a watermelon on her head.

163

Amazing. The world is so unstable, yet this woman can balance a watermelon on her head.

All this fretful thinking tires me. My eyes flutter, close.

I open my eyes and I am back there in that place. She is standing in front of me.

166

Her hair smells bittersweet like herbs and berries. I imagine jumping in and getting lost inside.

167

I laugh as her
fingers find me,
tickling me
awake during
her next
shampoo.

168

I kiss her ten times all over her soft face, and then once on her lips.

She smiles broadly, bashfully, beautifully. Her cheeks flush apple red.

170

I open my mouth
and some words
come tumbling
out like awkward
birds learning
to fly:

"I wish we were both born in a small town a thousand miles away from here.

172

I wish we met each other one day on a dirt road in a forest. The sun would be shining and you would be

173

effortlessly wearing a pretty yellow dress.

the flowers
would bow at
your feet.
We would both
be 5 years old.

175

I wish we
stayed in that
little town and
never left.
I wish our
eyes never

saw anything

but trees,

and animals.

177

I wish our ears never heard the beautiful roar of the automobile, but only the deafening thunder of the open sky.

178

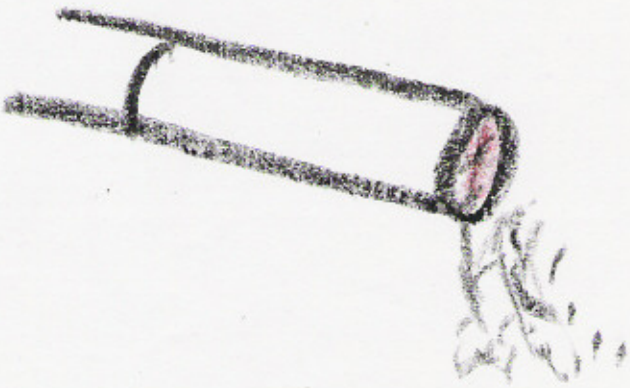
I wish that
when we were
young our parents
owned farms
down the street
from each other."

179

She grabs my hand and says one of the most beautiful sentences in the english language:

181

"Do you want to go outside for a cigarette?"



182

I'd write books

and books

and books

about you.

I'd write
books and
books and
books about
you.

I'd write
books and
books and
books
about you.

185

I'd write
books and
books and
books about
you.

I'd write
books and
books and
books about
you.

I'd write
books and
books and
books
about you.

I'd write
books and
books
and books
about
you.

189

I'd
write books
and BOOKS
and books
about
you.

190!

I'd write

books

and books

and

books about

you.

191

I'd write
books &
books &
books about
you.

192

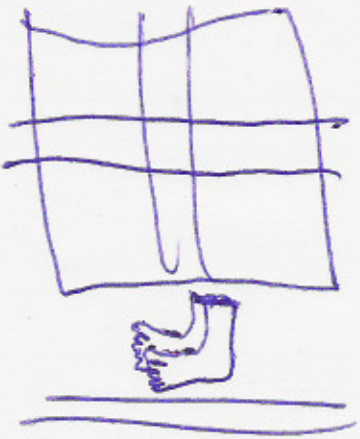
Please, won't you plant a tree for me?

193

I'm much too sick to kiss you, but I'd plant my lips on your tiny feet if only

194

I could cut them off and place them on my windowsill.



Then every
morning I would
bend down close
to your feet
and they would
whisper into
my ear,

196

"You are all I need,"

softly, softly,

as only feet

can whisper.

197

Though your feet will be missing, I will tattoo my mind onto the backs of your legs in squiggly lines.

198

People will stare
at the tattoos
of my mind and
they will find
faces within
those lines:

"There is the mouth and there are the eyes," they will say.

200

But they will not realize that they are looking at my mind.

201

they will not even realize that you are missing your feet.

202

Meanwhile your
feet sit perched
on my windowsill,
growing roses
under the toenails,

waiting patiently
for my return,
waiting for me
to bend down
and listen to
them as they

softly whisper,

"You are all I need!"

205

I cannot tell if she is wearing weird contact lenses or if she naturally has the eyes of a cat.

206

She speaks
through cracked
lips sealed
with glue,

207

"I've never been kissed so much in my life."

208

A long,
thoughtful
grand canyon
of red-headed
silence.

209

She breathes

her BREATH

and I faint

home.

210

She once wrote
me a poem, to
prove that
poetry was not
so hard.
Who ever said
it was?

Her poem
was dedicated
to me and
3 other
guys.

Her poem:

Hairy popsicle anteater,
Red Rover down
my drainpipe,
Slow-tongued zebra,
Goodnight grandmother,
Please dream of angels
trading halos for
moose antlers.

213

I think she may
have been poking
fun at me.
I don't care.
I'm crazy
about that poem.

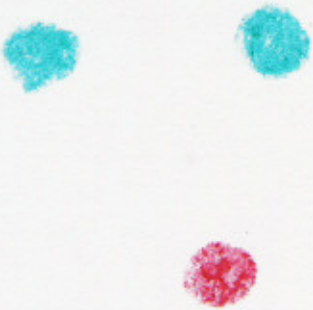
But I'm a little bit jealous of the 3 other guys it was dedicated to.

215

I stare absent-
mindedly at
her strange
3-eyed
silhouette.

216

Two glowing green and 1 glowing red.



217

I cannot say out loud all the things in my head.

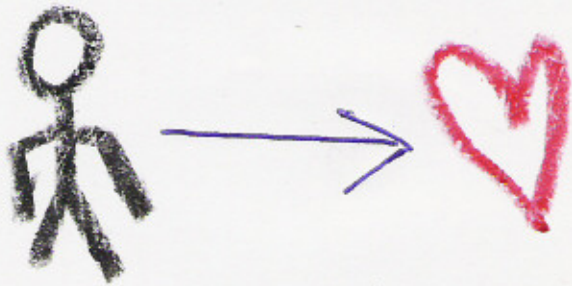
Things like:

218

What do you do with your time?

219

And who do you love?



And who loves you?

220

And who gets to spend time with you?

221

And what are you like when you are alone?

222

And what time do you go to bed?

And what time do you wake up?

223

And what do you dream about?

224

And what is it like to drink a cup of coffee with you?

225

And do you drink coffee? And what makes you smile?

226

And what makes you laugh?
And what does your laughter sound like when you think something is really funny?

And what makes you happy?

And do you like animals?

228

And what does your bedroom look like? And how does it feel to be around you?

229

And what do you like to think about?

And what do you like to talk about?

230

And have you ever been "in love"? And what do your eyes look like at their very brightest?

Instead of saying these things, I say, "Let's get married and consummate."

Stretched out on the bed, you will sigh and say, "Finally, guilt-free sex."

"How wonderful."

"Let's do it again."

234

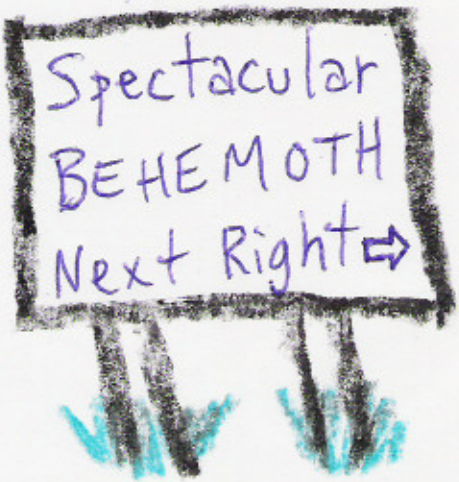
"I can feel my conscience slowly returning."

235

"Is this all
about that
stupid poem?"
she asks,
cigarette still
hanging from
her lips.

236

I feel the dream fading away. I see the sign that reads:



237

I find myself back under the birch tree.

238

Laying on my back
under this birch
tree reminds me of
laying on my back
in the bottom of
a poorly-
constructed canoe.

239

Laying here in
this leaky canoe,
I have no idea
what is in store
for me later
tonight.

240

Why can't these nights that change our lives be signaled in with fireworks...

to make us more aware of every single detail?

242

the night ends singing, Gary row your boat ashore, hallelujah.

243

Repeat into

INFINITY.

244

I met this old Gary who once threatened to shoot himself in the head,

245

who once puked
out his
stomach lining
screaming on
his front
lawn,

246

who twice was
a married man,
who twice was
a father,

247

Who once was
a house builder,

248

once a genius

once an idiot,

249

once an alcoholic

once a clear-eyed schoolboy,

250

once a Jesus

once a murderer,

251

once a hockey player

once a poet,

252

once a Socrates

once a court jester,

253

once a prophet

once a blind

flower,

254

once Gary

twice Gary

hallelujah.

255

I once met an old fool named Gary, the wisest man I know.

256

Old fool Gary
burned and
rewrote the
Bible and it
was a thousand
pages of the

257

same thing
repeated over
and over and
over again:

258

"It's not what you see and it's not what you hear. It's what you FEEL."

259

Gary row
your boat
ashore,
hallelujah.

260

Yesterday an old lady asked me for a dollar for the bus and I said no.

261

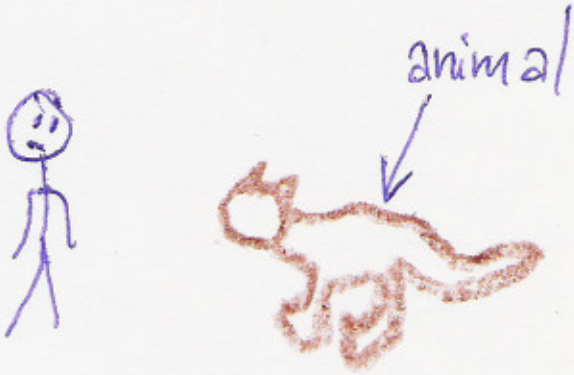
A minute later I ran back to the place where she had been, to give her the dollar, but she was gone.

262

Why did I say no?

263

I see silent accusations in the eyes of animals.



264

A zinc-winged butterfly lands on my knee and says, "I have been following you around all week, and you

have not gone
out of your
way to be kind
to one single
person."

266

"Why were you following me?" I ask the zinc-winged butterfly.

267

"Because I thought I saw kindness in your eyes. We butterflies are naturally attracted to kindness."

268

"Well I didn't really have an opportunity to be kind this week."

269

"But did you look? Did you try?" The butterfly flutters its wings beautifully.

"I was busy.
I have things to
worry about,
things to do.
I have to take
care of myself."

271

"But the least you can do is hold the door open for others."

272

"I agree. And I do hold the door open for others."

"Well you didn't do it this week."

"I... I must not have been paying attention."

The zinc-winged butterfly shakes its head sadly. "And to think, I was going to invite you to

275

join the

BUTTERFLY

CLUB

of

KINDNESS."

276

"I'm sorry" I
whisper.
"It's too late
now" the
butterfly
smiles sweetly.

277

"It was nice meeting you. Goodbye."

"But it's not
my fault," I call
after the
butterfly.
It's too late.
The zinc-winged
butterfly is gone.

279

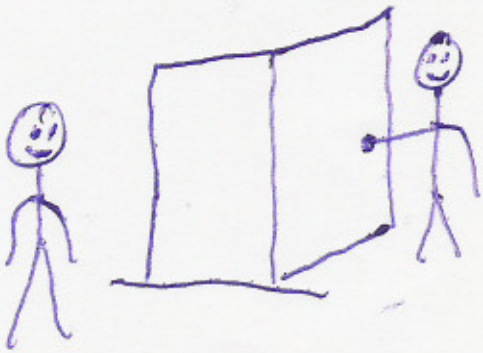
Am I really
that unkind?
No, the zinc-
winged butterfly
is wrong.

280

Tomorrow I will find that butterfli and show it how kind I am.

281

I'll hold the door open for a thousand people.



282

Or until my arms fall off.

283

I will change the diapers of ten thousand babies.

284

I'll smile and tip my hat to strangers,

285

and I'll give a nickel to every homeless person I see.

286

I'm so kind I once congratulated an acrobatic turtle for doing a cartwheel, even though it was in slow-motion.

287

288

Im so kind I once met a T.V. news anchor at the bus stop and I looked him in the eye and said, "I will not be afraid."

289

He began to cry.

I guess that's not a good example.

290

I once wore a t-shirt with the word "YES" written on the front in bold letters.

291

I stood silently facing in the direction of life and I smiled.

LIFE

292

If any question was asked of me, I simply pointed to the t-shirt and said nothing.

293

If any person hesitated or felt embarrassed, I smiled reassuringly and pointed to the t-shirt.

294

If any person asked me for a glass of water, I nodded and pointed at the t-shirt.

If they asked me again for a glass of water, I nodded again and pointed at the t-shirt.

296

Eventually they realized that I did not have a glass of water and left me alone.

297

Try to attract physical things with positive thinking, or sit and talk to a rock. It makes no difference.

I view my body through the eyes of an ant and realize that I am a violent beast that destroys homes and families

299

with every step
I take.
I am always
happier when I
don't kill the
spider in my
bedroom.

300

But why care about something so small?

301

Your goodness.
As I doze off
I feel my mind
leaping violently
in all directions.

302

I want to train it to leap violently in the direction of Genius

Then I will train it to grab that bar and swing off of it.

Then I will train it to snag a thread of its sweater on the highest hook and hang there for days with nothing to do but look around.

305

Dangling above
the universe by
a loose thread,
everything makes
sense.

For a second, the unknowable
is made merely complex.

306

For a second, I become God's pinky finger... no, less than that... I become the dirt under the nail on God's pinky finger.

307

I look out from the center of the sun to see a rotating speck of dust in the distance just behind my eye.

308

I set foot on the first rung of that ladder that leads up to that absolutely new idea, the futuristic idea that is being continuously elaborated.

fresh invention,

309

I reach for the
2nd rung but am
tossed off of the
ladder by the wind
of a loud laughter.

310

I tumble back down from atop the universe, my cotton candy crown topples from my head and disappears into the ocean, I begin to see shapes and colours and physical objects again.

311

I am FLUSHED OUT
from beneath God's
pinky fingernail by a
solar wave and a hot
slap of reality that
stings my eyes
back to life.

312

I become aware of my(self) again and the words cease to flow. A peace and calm washes over me as I sink sideways into contented ignorance.

313

Applaud how well done. I prefer a beautiful sentence that resonates to a sterile sentence that makes sense.

314

the truly beautiful sentence does not make sense in the traditional way of thinking, but it shines through the words and letters with its own logic.

315

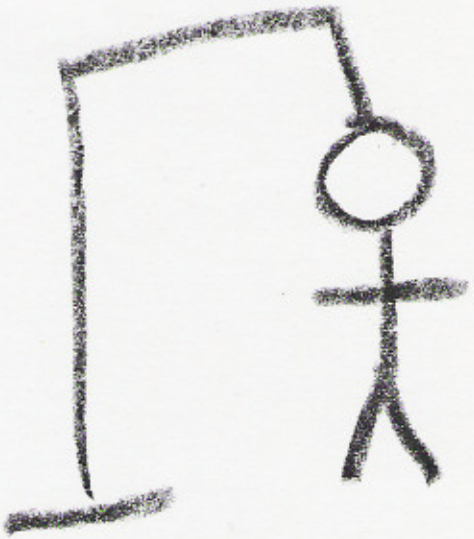
It's true that

the highest form of reason borders on unreason

Maurice Merleau-Ponty

316

Treason.



3|7

Lesion.

318

Please John,

John →

will you make a steaming pot of creativity and stab it like an IV into my veins?

319

What is the longest a person has ever stared at a duck?

320

Unreason does not mean nonsense, idiot.

But my doctor says I can't trade eyes with a snake.

Or a tiger.

321

It's not techno-
logically possible
he says. Maybe
in 20 years
he says.

And besides, he says, snakes have terrible eyesight.

But I like the way their eyes look I say.

323

The **best** we can do, he says, is to trade your knuckles for a bat's wings.

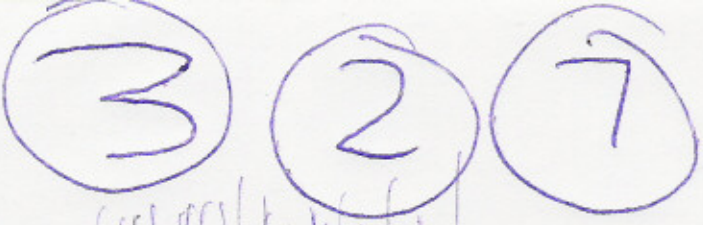
I'll think about it I say. I give him a lollipop and watch him walk like a barefooted girl into the jungle.

Send in the next patient please.

I close my eyes and shrink down to the size of a fetus.

326

I throw myself through the air like a frisbee.



The rain drop$ drizzle down through my armhair wickets and when they reach the bottom of the well I lean my long giraffe neck down down down and I extend a bucket from my mouth hanging from a string running down my throat and anchored ~~by~~ a pretty bow to my happy happy pancreas.

328

No great story has ever ended with the following sentence:

"Octagonal bipeds are riding mopeds through 4-way stops while lucky ducks laugh and spelunk with drunk monks."

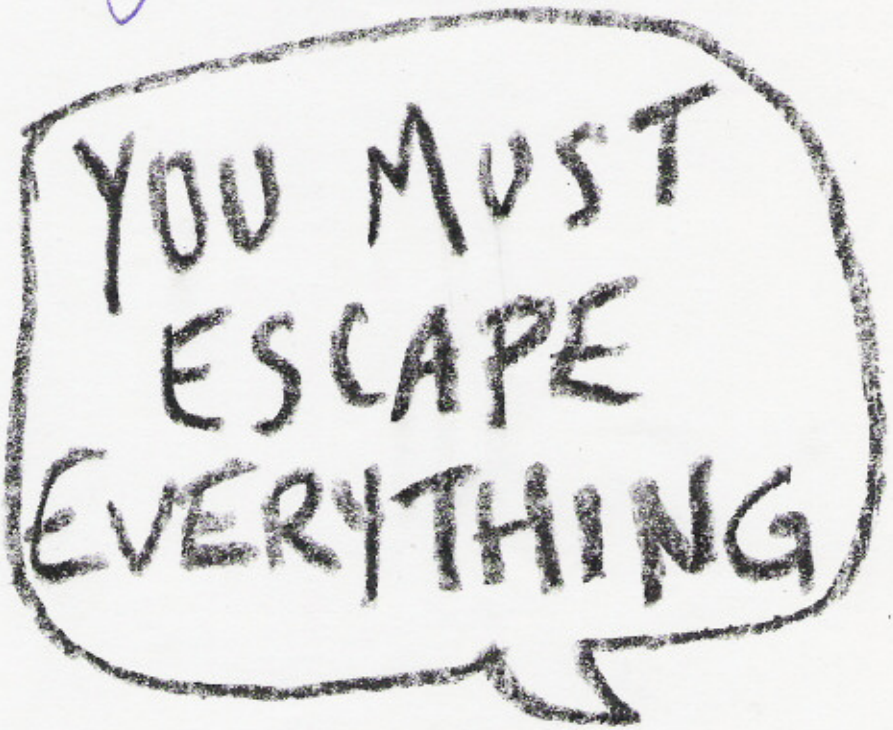
So I'll keep on writing.

329

Can you feel it?
The ties of
everything coming
undone? 2 and 2
cannot be 4 in a
meaningful way unless
you first believe
that 2 and 2
is 5.

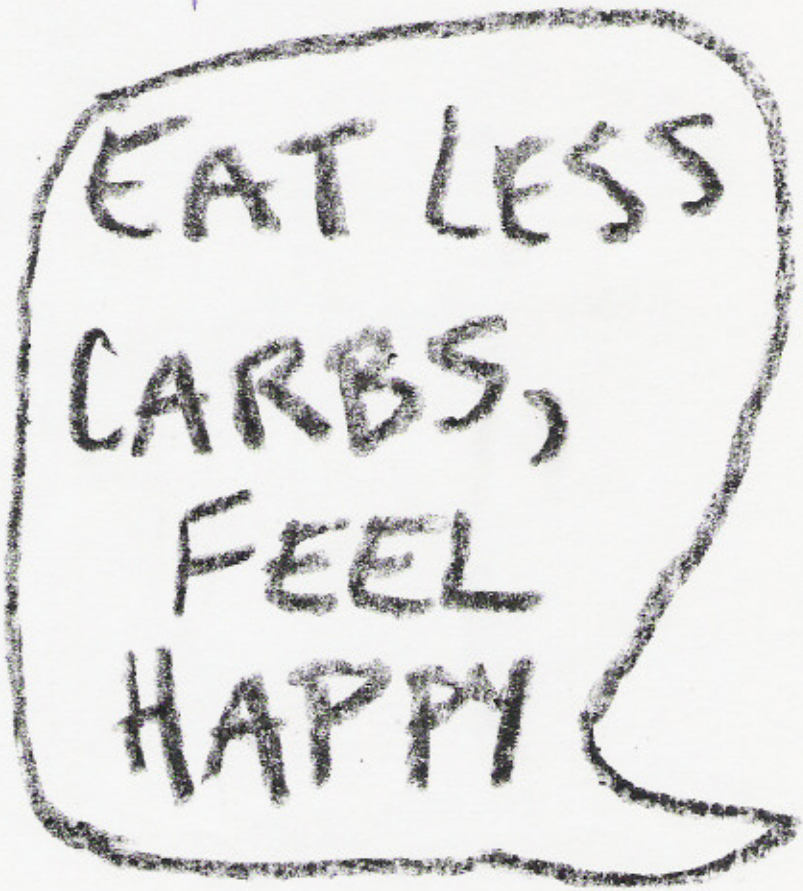
330

If wisdom could speak to us she might say



331

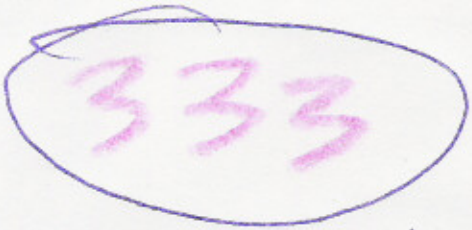
Or she might say



332

Do you understand what it means to escape everything? To escape everything means to escape

EVERYTHING.



... everything the human mind has created... to stand outside it all, unaffected, and observe.

334

Smear jam on the wall. Hang a picture upside-down. Be kind to a fellow human being. Do anything.

ANYTHING.

335

I heard the tangerines were very tasty.

CONGRATULATIONS!

336

My mind hurries
to flush down the
last of my
dream touched
thoughts as I
grasp at their
disappearing tails
down the drain.

337

The wind gusts and a newspaper blows by. The headline on the front page reads,

"Quintuplet siblings all pregnant with their own quintuplet babies."

338

I ignore the headline and focus on where I am **right now**: under the birch tree.

339

Maybe this is the connection between suffering and art:

If nothing else, pain keeps you trapped in the present moment.

340

I am a baby reaching for the stars and a rocket scientist reaching for the wisdom of a baby.

341

I look at the sky and I feel like I am looking at myself.

342

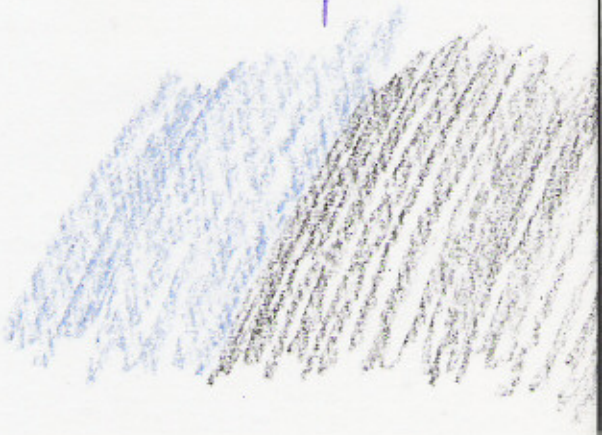
I do not know what exactly I am looking at. And I do not know how far it is that I see.

343

For a moment I
am sure that if
I reach out my
hand my fingers
will plunge into
the blue ocean.

344

This blueness that I see is nothing compared to the vast blackness that lies beyond.



345

If I could be anyone I'd be the man who exchanged his body for a cloud.

346

Or perhaps the man who traded his soul for a smile.

347

I'm feeling so

HOLY

today.

348

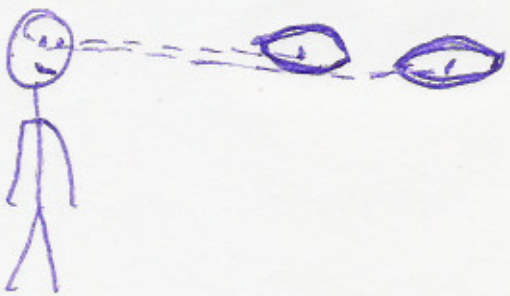
Serene,

CONNECTED

with every pair

of eyes I peer

into.



349

Today I can

SPEAK.

Today I can

win them all

over.

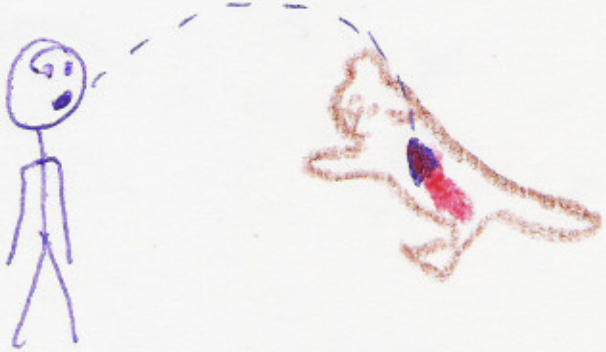
350

Today I can be

THE ONE.

351

Today I can heal an injured dog by spitting on its wound.



352

Today I can halt all the wars in the world by simply raising my hand.

353

At any moment now I will stumble upon that revolutionary thought, that world-changing idea.

354

I offer up a silent prayer and welcome anyone who hears it to address it to themselves:

Forgive me and thank you.
May I be kind and humble today.
May I see clearly how things
were meant to be, had humans
not messed everything up.
May I live like a child.
Curious, pure and full of imagination.
May I be glowing with a
rare brightness.
Or something like that.

Amen.

356

Yes, I am an unpredictable, hilarious magnet.

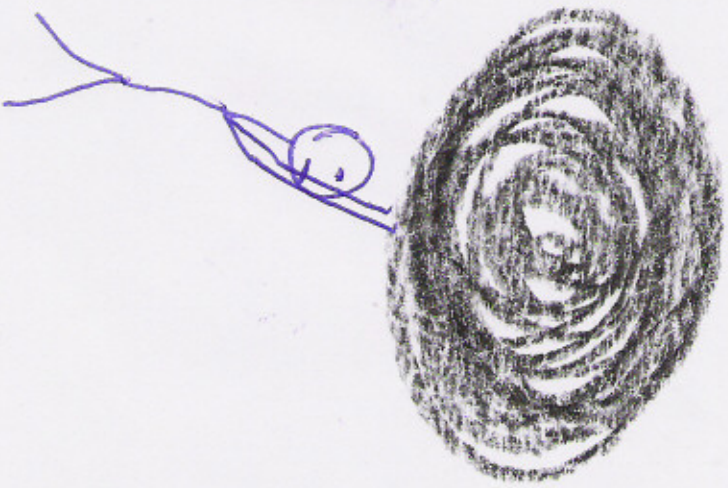
357

I desire so much more.

I am content.

358

With each new moment I forget the last. I dive endlessly forward into the darkness.



359

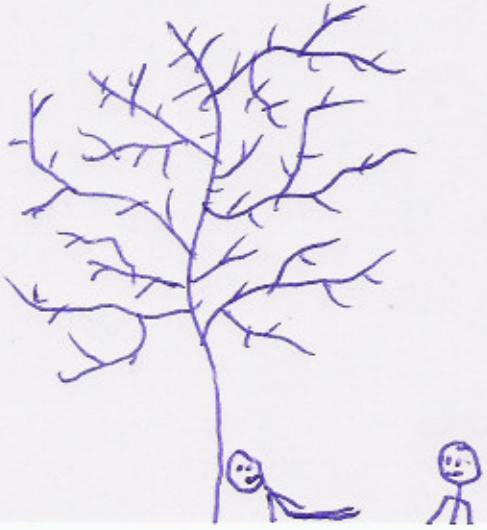
And now we are back at the start again, or something like it.

360

All this writing
is simply a
buildup to the
final hundred pages
where my mind
is scheduled
to explode.

361

A man approaches and stares at me where I lay under the birch tree.



362

His eyes twitch nervously like ticking clocks.

363

He is wearing bright green shoes and his feet never stop moving even when he is standing still.

He opens his mouth and out pours a stream of words:

"Hello, how are you, do you know what time it is?

365

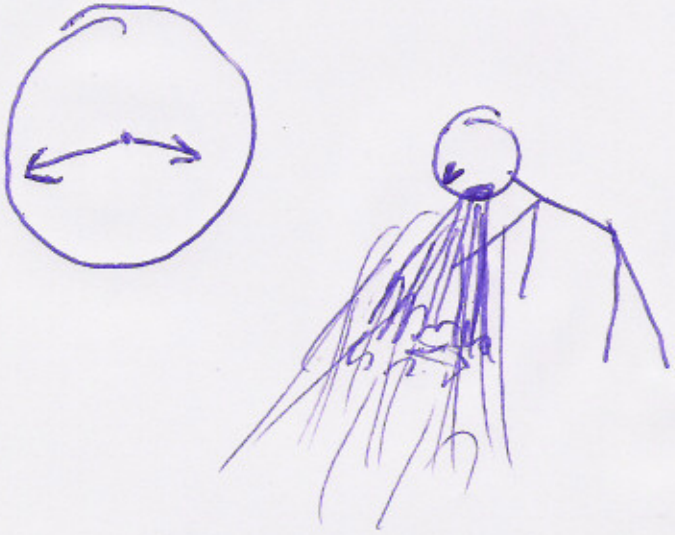
12:16? I have to go trim my beard! Every minute of the day holds a different meaning for me, you see,

366

and 12:16 means I have to trim my beard.

367

3:41 means I have to sneeze.



368

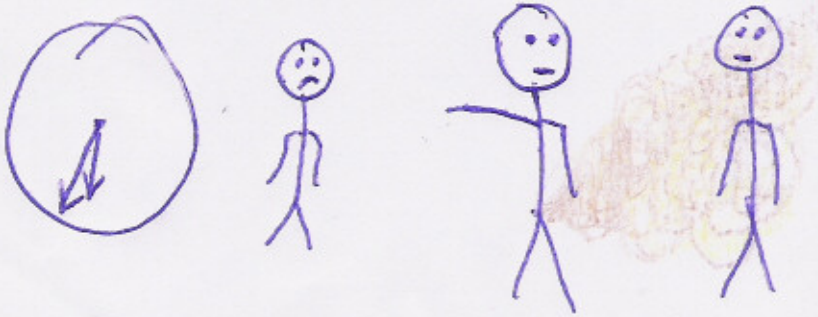
3:42 means I have to blow my nose.

369

8:17 means I have to find an orange cat and pet it.

370

6:35 means I have to fart softly in the wind and blame it on someone else.



371

On Tuesdays, 4:05 means I have to put on a new pair of pants, but on

Thursdays it means something entirely different.

372

It's complicated and there's very little time to explain.
My entire day is planned out from

373

the moment I wake to the moment I sleep. Every single day. No surprises. Nope, never. Time, time time.

374

Stick close to time and you'll be safe. If every single detail is planned out then nothing can go wrong.

375

Isn't it beautiful?
Oops, what time
is it? 12:17?
I have to go
boil an egg.
Goodbye!"

376

The man scampers off, presumably to go find an egg and boil it.

Obsessed with a singular idea, he has no time for evil.

377

Yes, erase the bad humans

God bless the good ones

Away with the loud eaters,

the angry mothers,

379

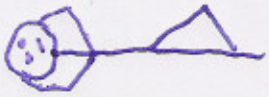
The drunk fathers,

the fat pigs with no self-control,

380

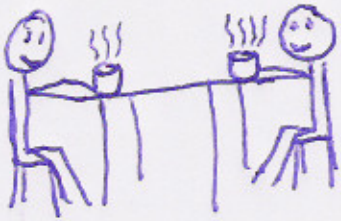
Bless the
forest walkers,

the star gazers,



381

the tea drinkers,



the food cookers,

382

the picture painters,

the book readers.

383

Death to the fighters,

the shooters,

384

the stabbers,

the killers,

385

God bless the saints,

the kind,

386

the generous,

the thoughtful,

387

the slow speakers,

the lovers,

the laughers,

the tap dancers,

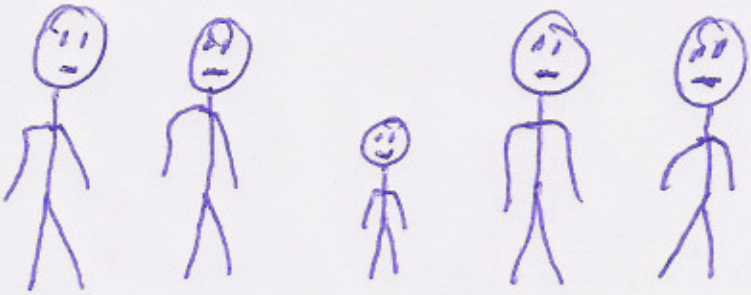
389

the adventurers,

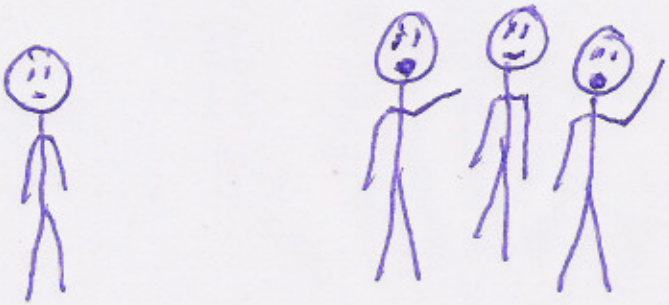
the explorers,

390

the humble,



the shy,



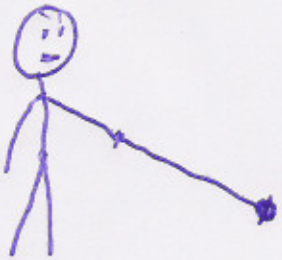
391

the mute,

the deaf,

392

the blind,

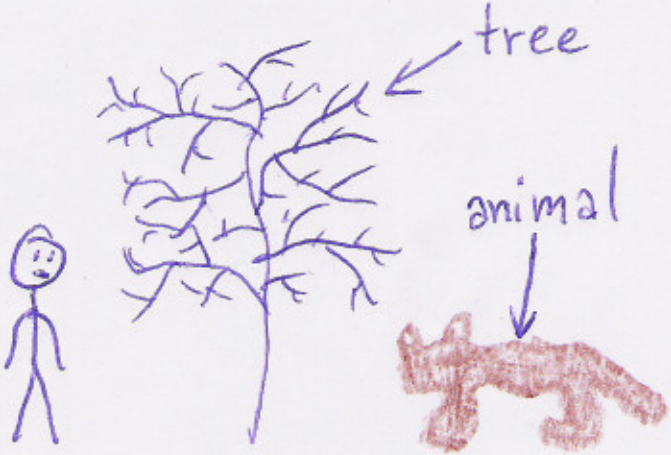


the imaginative,

393

the dreamers,

the observers,



394

the compassionate, merciful and forgiving.

395

Good riddance
to the greedy,

the brash,

396

the cutthroat,

the harmers of humanity,

397

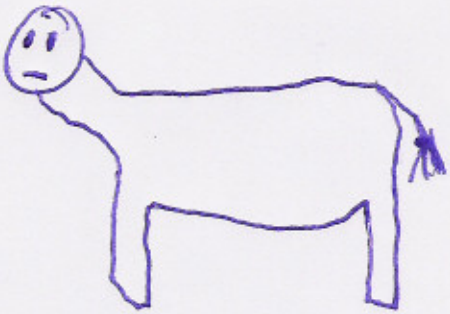
the assholes of the earth,

*

the butterfly swatters,

398

the donkeys,



the puppets

399

the windbags,

the manipulative,

400

the hypocrites,

the hunters of the weak.

401

God bless,
the lazy,
the impatient,
the angry,
the indifferent,
the slow,
the thoughtless,
the ignorant,
the unattached,

the empty,
the lonely,
the scoffers,
the skeptics,
the hopeless.

Most importantly, the person who eats popcorn loudly in the library, or at the theater, or on the train, who crunches on every kernel and

404

crashes down their jaws on every bite like steel gates on a firecracker.....

405

that person can go to hell.

406

The Westerly winds are blowing and my thoughts come to me from a 60° angle.

407

Shakespeare's thoughts used to come to him from a 200° angle, which is why he always slept on his stomach.

408

We are all shakespeare in our dreams.

Shakespeare was God in his dreams.

409

God is himself as a child in his dreams.

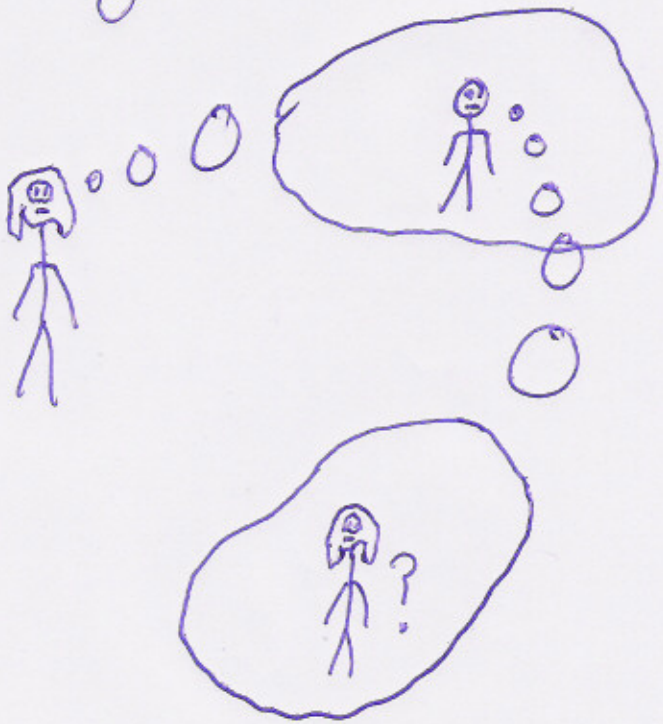
410

Every time Shakespeare had a nightmare a volcano erupted halfway across the world.

Imagine an imagination with an imagination.

412

God imagined you and gave you an imagination.



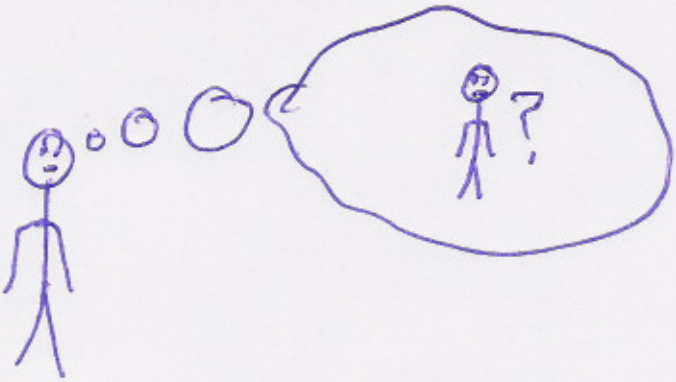
Therefore, everything is imagination,

no matter how real everything may seem, no matter what you can do and be and think and feel and touch.

Even the beings in your dreams can do and be and think and feel and touch,

416

but do the beings in your dreams exist?

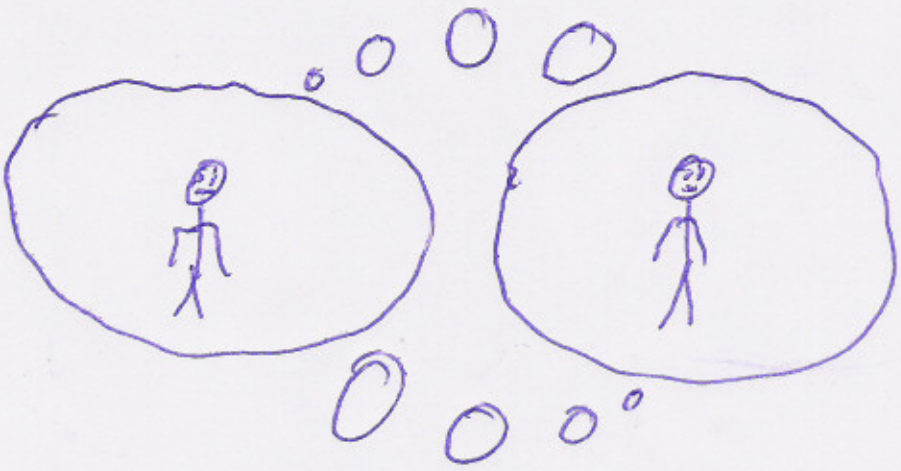


417

If we were all simply beings inside the imagination of another being, God or otherwise, we would do and be and feel and think and touch the same things in the same way.

that would not diminish the realism or authenticity of our feelings and experiences, and we could go on believing ourselves to be within this thing

called reality, and not within the imagination of another being.



But whether we are flesh or spirit, human or ghost, we are alive right now and we have been blessed with these senses

with which we can experience the most unimaginably joyful sensations, and so we must live, we must move, we must do, we must create,

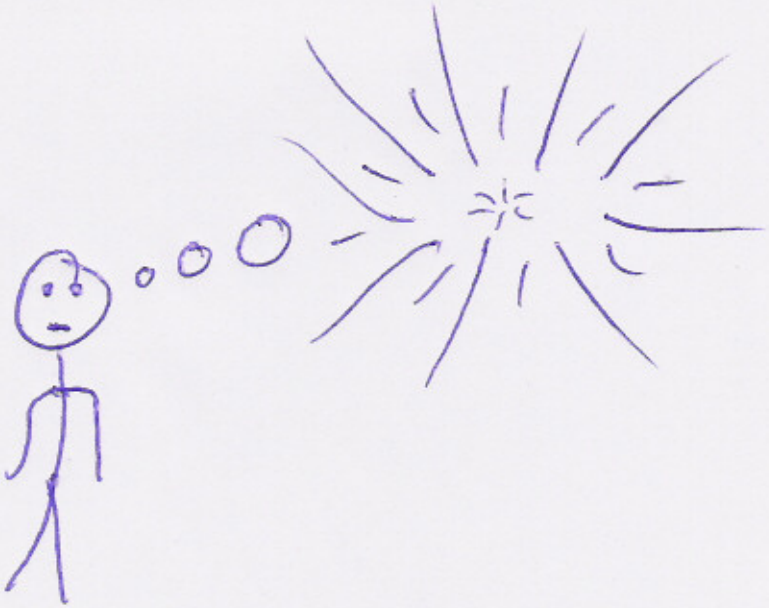
we must make the most of this gift, we must attempt to fly, we must examine every corner, we must fling spaghetti at the walls,

(423)

we must love
and learn and
love and learn,
before this
lovely cloud
evaporates,

424

before he awakes.



425

The lights in my mind flicker and fade. This is where things get confusing.

426

I light a small white candle and throw the match into the corner.

427

I stride in a tight circle and upon returning to the candle I blow it out.

428

I immediately regret doing this. I strike another match and relight the candle.

429

This time I let it burn for a few seconds and stare intensely into the heart of its metamorphosing form and colour.

430

I blow out the flame with a sharp breath of air.

431

I circle around
again and upon
returning to the
candle I find it
lit once more.

(432)

What kind of madness is this? Didn't I just blow out the flame? Or perhaps I relit it and forgot.

433

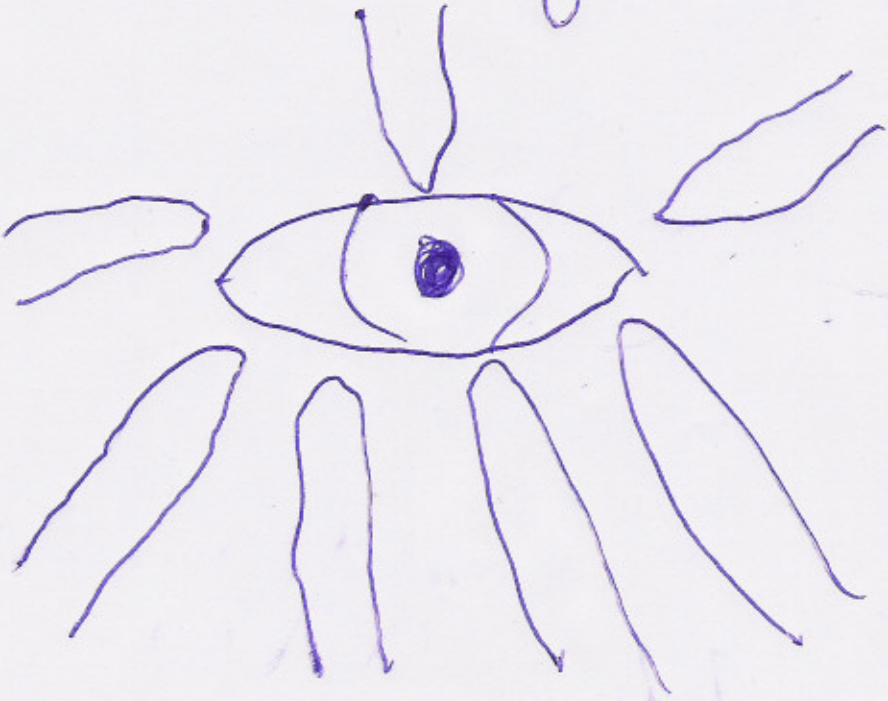
I let out a groan. I lean back and spit at the flame.

434

My spit hits the wall and I watch it drip slowly down the floral-patterned wallpaper, glistening wet and orange.

435

I scratch my eyeballs with seven fingers.



436

I open my eyes
to discover that
my spit still
glows but the
flame has vanished.

437

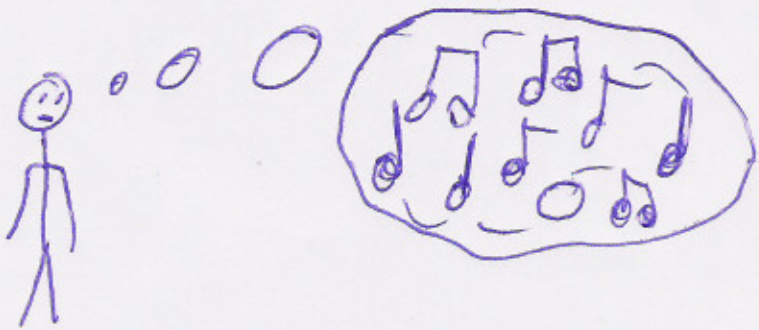
A pocketful of colours fall into the still-warm candle. I try to fish them out and burn my fingers.

I dry off the colours with a piece of paper.

When I am finished, the piece of paper looks like this:

439

This is why I cannot speak, I cannot communicate: because I only think in melody.



440

I feel what you feel. I swear I do. I feel with you and above you. We feel more. We feel too much.

441

My skin cannot contain me, I must escape it. This pain cannot deter me, I must embrace it.

442

I cannot believe
and I cannot
not believe.

"Love everyone"
is enough.

443

The second most difficult question I've ever been asked was, "What do you like most about pants?"

After going through the long list of potential answers in my head, I finally arrived at the most honest answer, which was:

445

"I like how I can wipe my dirty hands on pants and the dirt just disappears."

446

The most difficult question I've ever been asked was "What if people were grains of sugar?"

447

I have to admit, I was stumped for a good 3 years before I sat down and drew out my answer:

If people were grains of sugar:

If grains of sugar were people:

448

Nothing about school was ever as difficult or as interesting as those two questions, both of which were asked of me by a 5-year old boy.

449

I awake and my mind ceases to remember these invented memories.

450

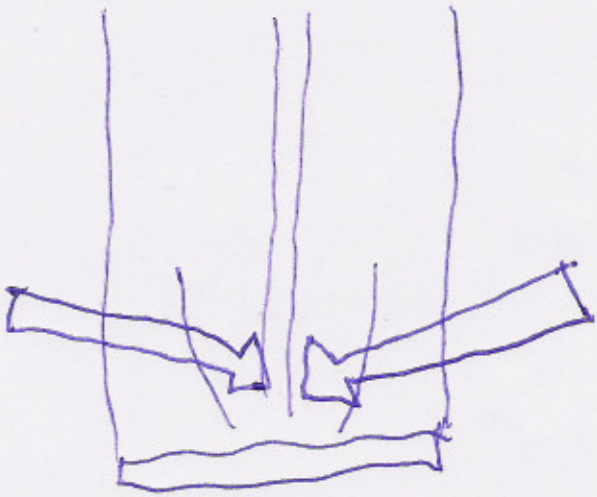
I am hot, sweaty, confused and slightly frightened. The sweat is gathered in geographically specific locations on my body:

451

in the caves under my armpits,

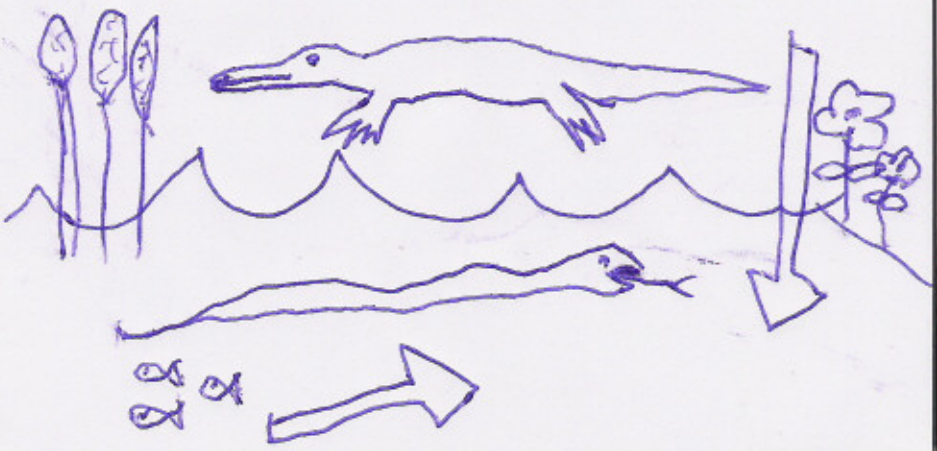
452

in the shallow grotto on my lower back,



453

in the reptile-infested swamplands between my butt cheeks.

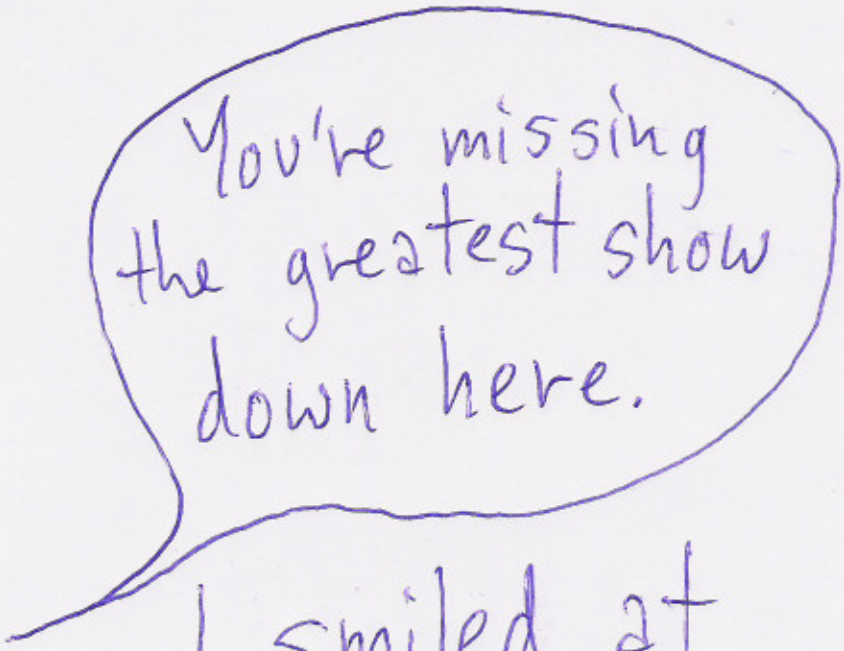


454

I am reminded of a time when I was sitting by a pond throwing pebbles at a bunch of lily pads.

455

An old man walked up to me and said,



I smiled at him, confused.

456

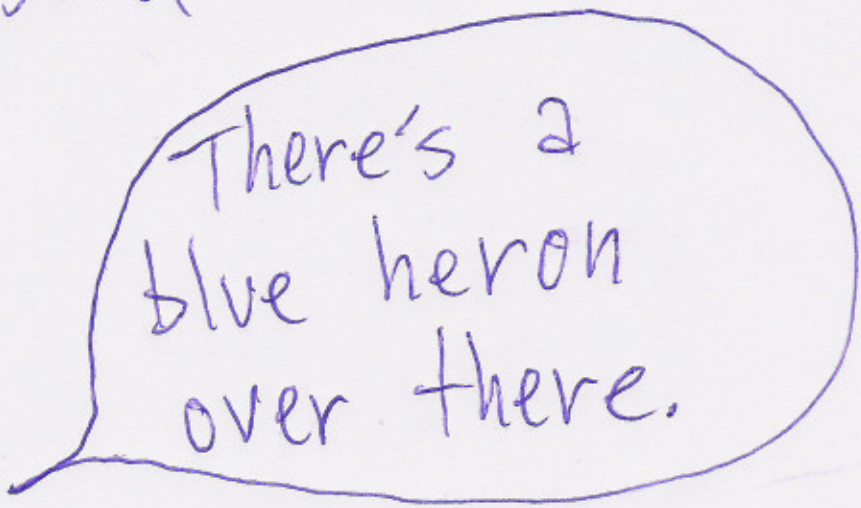
He was wearing
brown pants,

a faded blue shirt

and neon green shoes,

not that that's
important.

He pointed over to the other side of the pond and said



458

I looked to where he was pointing and sure enough there was a blue heron perched majestically on a large rock.

459

"Neat," I said.

The old man nodded and slowly walked away.

460

I watched the blue heron for a while and then resumed throwing pebbles at the lily pads.

461

It always amazes me how you can throw a handful of pebbles at a bunch of lily pads and somehow miss every one.

462

Sometimes I think too far ahead and I have to reel in my mind and say

But this moment is beautiful.

463

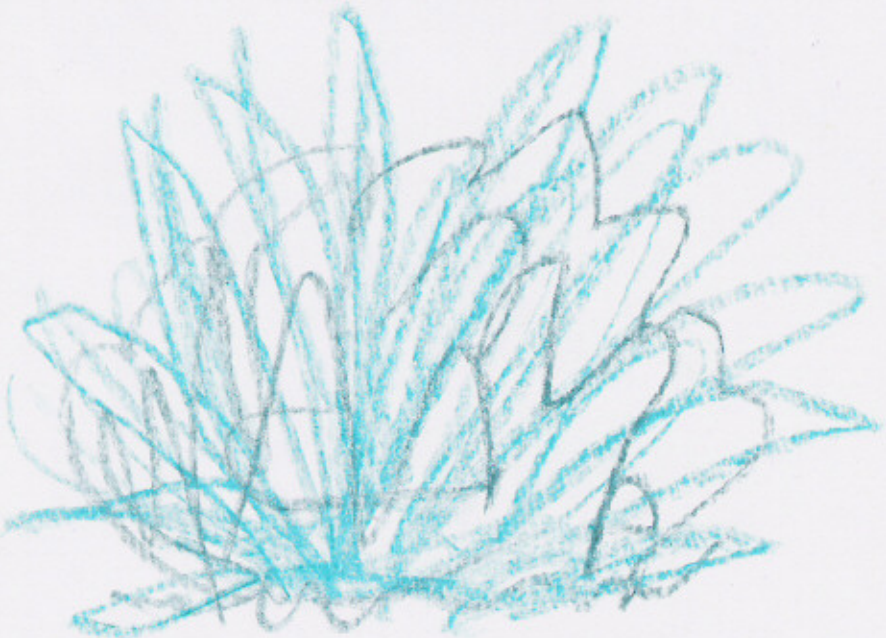
Flowers fade, but other flowers fade with them, so why not fade among the most beautiful flowers?

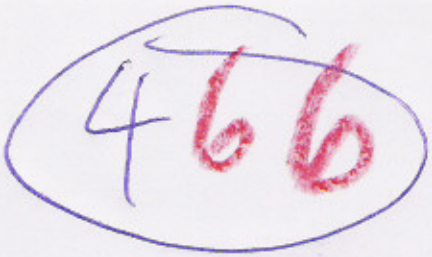
464

And why not
grow as ripe
as a child?
And why not give
hugs while the
willows still sing?

465

When I see a particularly lush or leafy plant,





I have the urge to crawl into its center and rest there at its heart, absorbing whatever is hidden inside.

467

Creativity has taken the place of the libido.

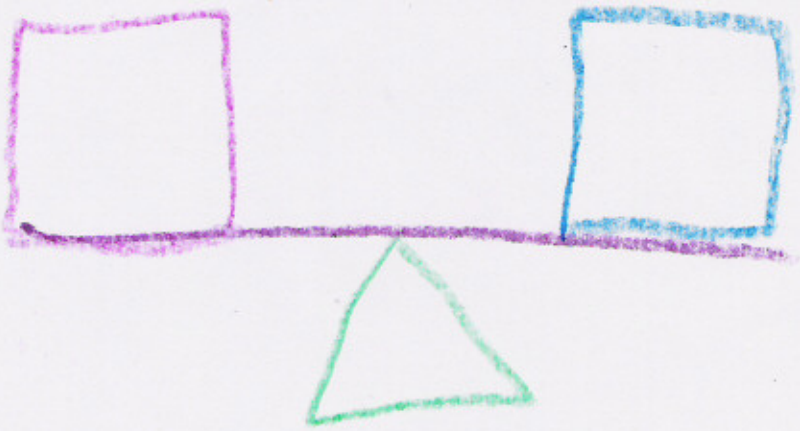
I lust for ideas.

468

The role of the artist is to be sensitive to what other people think but also to not give a damn about what other people think.

469

It's a fine balance between two deeply held ideas.



470

Maybe people think about careers and cars and fashion because they have nothing better to think about.

(471)

I'd rather sit on the street and watch pigeons all day than do just about anything else.

472

The happiest moment I can remember is when I was feeding a pigeon out of my hand.

473

We shared an entire sandwich. He plucked every piece of bread and chicken out from between my fingers.

474

He was a perfect companion and as our friendship progressed he grew more and more bold.

He hopped up onto the bench and perched beside me. He was very hungry. Every piece I gave him he swallowed whole.

476

We finished our lunch that way, sitting side by side on the bench.

And then we said our goodbyes.

477

It was a very happy moment, the happiest I can remember.

478

My stomach growls.
I am hungry,
which only makes
me desire to
be hungrier.

479

I don't need alcohol. I don't need anything. All I need is hunger.

480

I wonder if the zinc-winged butterfly will come back?
I wonder what the little green bug is doing?

the most **insane**, those who deviate most from the mold, are the most **sane**.

482

Yes, creativity is breaking all the rules except those that allow you to create - that is, organization and discipline.

(483)

Please stop reading. I'm just a fool with a pen.

484

I once wrote a story that started like this:

Jack smiles at Penelope and drops the watermelon on

the kitten.

And it ended like this:

Penelope yells,

"Take your watermelon and

get out of my house!"

There was nothing in between.

(487)

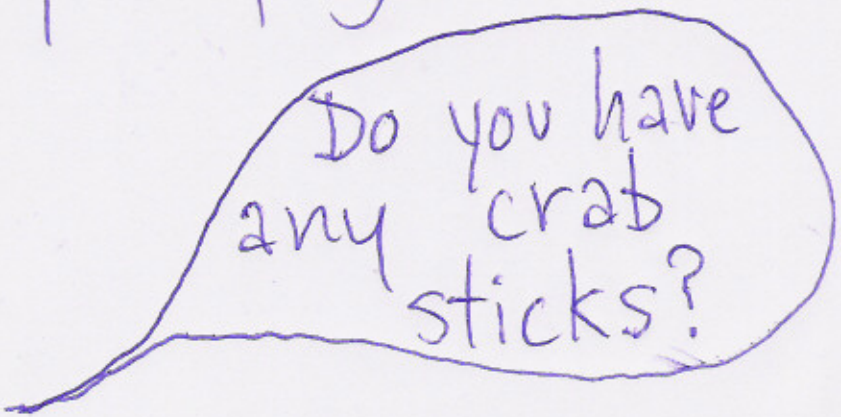
A few days ago I ran into an old classmate of mine while shopping for groceries.

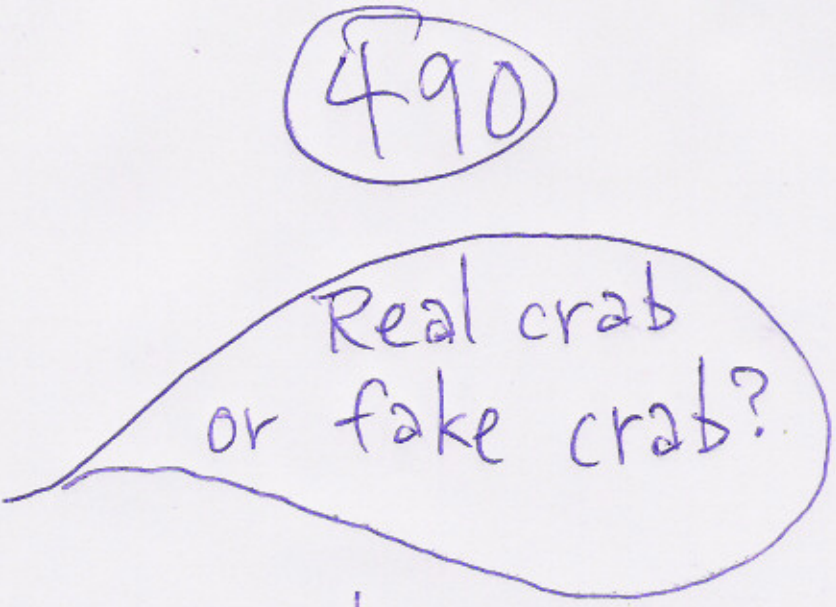
488

He was working in the seafood section of the grocery store.

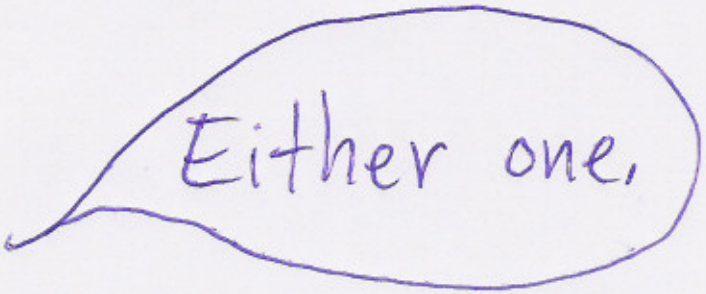
489

After nearly 10 years of not seeing each other I broke the silence by saying

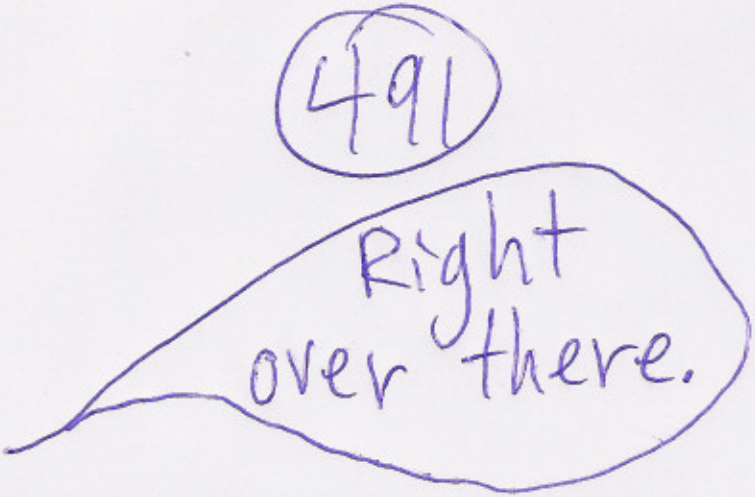




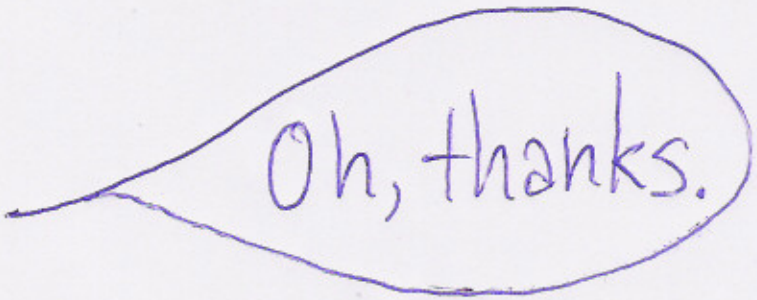
he asked.



I said.



he pointed to a nearby shelf.



Bahauddin was the father of my favorite poet, RUMI. A man once came to visit Bahauddin and Bahauddin said,

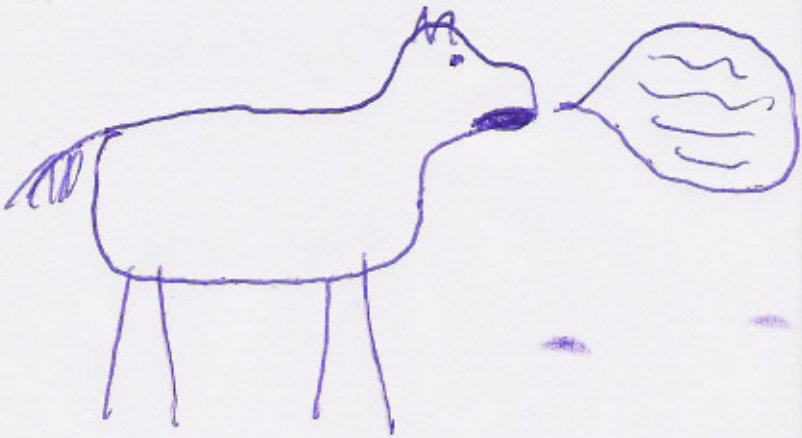
"I am subject to various states. In one state I can speak and in another I do not speak. In one state I can listen to the stories of other lives and respond to them. In another I withdraw to my room and see no one. In yet

another I am utterly distraught, absorbed in God, unable to communicate at all. It's too risky for you to come here on the chance I might be amiable and able to have conversation."

All that is to say, I wanted to talk to my old classmate in the grocery store, but I just couldn't.

496

I once had a dream about a talking cow.



497

The talking cow went to restaurants and donated to charities and did all the things you would expect a talking cow to do.

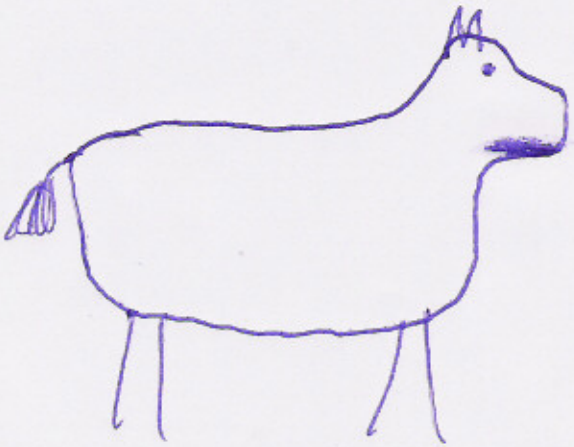
498

The strange thing was that the talking cow also wrote poetry.

One of the poems that the talking cow in my dream wrote went something like this:

Five Hundred

I've searched hi and lo
And cannot find
A good reason for why
You should not be kind



501

That imaginary cow is right.

Greatness rests exactly in the center of humbleness.

502

Every day I strive to be more like that talking cow.

503

Every day I pray a simple prayer of thanks to the GOD of SHOWER IDEAS.

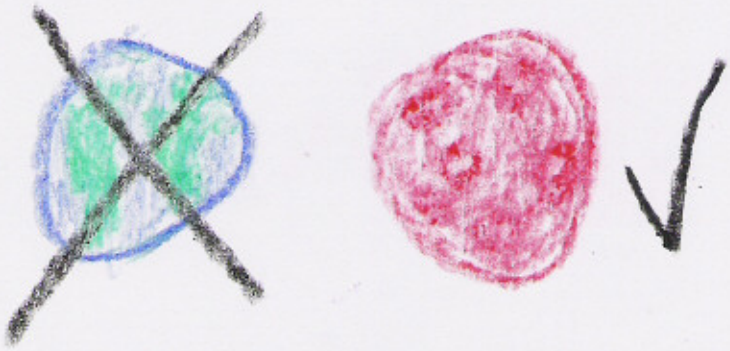
504

The question is not WHY?

but WHY NOT?

505

Polygamy is wrong on Earth but it is encouraged on Mars.



506

There is so much to be said about

EVERYTHING

that I am left utterly SPEECH-LESS.

507

I focus on exactly where I am right now. Sitting under a birch tree.

508

There is nowhere else I'd rather be. I do not wish for company.

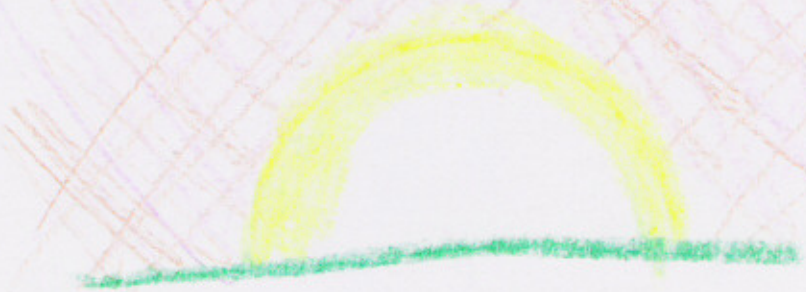
509

But I do wish
that everyone
was sitting
under their own
birch tree,

with nothing to do but quietly think and be at peace.

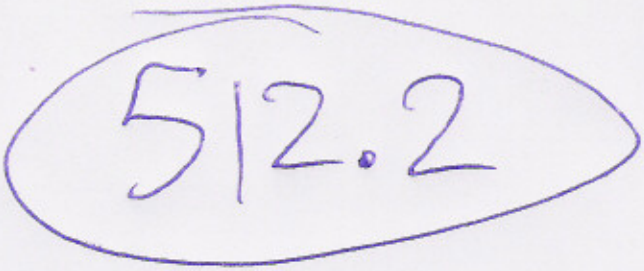
511

The sun is setting.



512

I know it's only a matter of time before it disappears and my mind finally explodes.



I'M

NOT

KIDDING!

513

I sit under this
humble giant and
its branches
hang over me like
an umbrella.

514

The leaves tremble, crescendo, and

fall again, making the most beautiful sound. I could listen to the wind for hours.

515

There are no more words to say.

516

Drifting off to sleep, I feel another death approaching, marching silently in a straight line towards me.

517

I see the calm face and smell the trail of sweat and blood. I smile at my inevitable friend.

518

I've died a thousand times in my dreams. Really, truly died.

519

It's nothing special really, though it can be a bit frightening...

520

Sometimes its
like an earthquake
on the inside.
A deep shudder in
my soul that
blurs my thoughts
and vision.

521

Sometimes I shake and shake until I break apart and my pieces are absorbed into the blinding light.

522

Sometimes I panic.

Sometimes I don't have time to panic.

Sometimes my breath is sucked from my lungs.

523

Sometimes my body makes a sudden blunt impact with an object or a moment in time that causes a lucid concussion that quickly fades to violent static.

524

Sometimes my feet rise off the ground and I am torn in all directions as my entire being becomes a sensation.

525

Sometimes I am pulled, as if tied to a super-powered winch, thrown sideways faster than the speed of light.

526

That is death,
I suppose: a
motion so impossibly
fast and overpowering
that it cannot
be described.

527

The talking cow in my dreams once said: "Die in your dreams, wake up to the sunrise, I can guarantee you'll be glad to be alive."

528

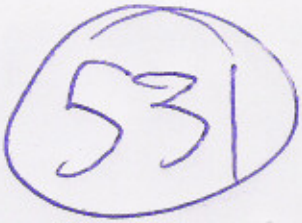
That talking cow
is a genius,
but every statement
I make falls
short of
greatness.

529

Everything I say lacks context. Futile. I pull words from my hairy nostrils and ideas from the void behind my eyes.

530

For some reason
death strolls right
past me, doesn't
touch me, as if
it knows something
greater is on
its way.



A parade of words
follows. They jump
into my mind
and exit through
the pen:

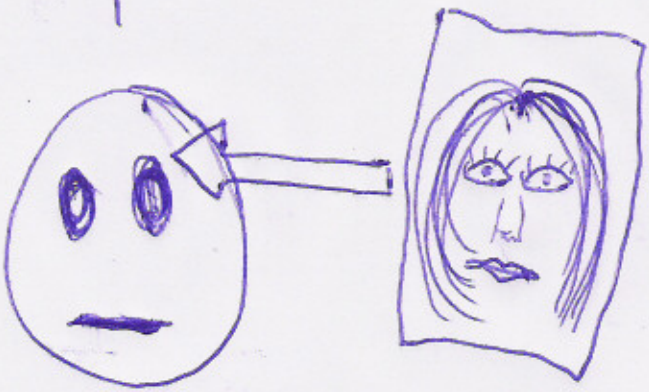
532

O Joanna

I painted a

picture of you

in my head.



It is full of sunlight,

534

flowers,

535

your shining

hair,

536

your impossible

eyes.

531

If only I could paint a portrait I would hang it on my wall and stare at it all day.

538

But for now I'm satisfied seeing your likeness on the back of my eyelids every time I close my eyes.

539

We sing the sweetest song in our mother's womb.

540

I am drunk
with love.
I am faint
with love.
I am sick
with love.

541

Remember that time we lay on the grass and looked up at the stars?

That was nice.

542

Everyone I see
is you in disguise.
You all wink at
me,

542.2

and dare me to tear off your wig.

543

You put the juice in my teeth.

544

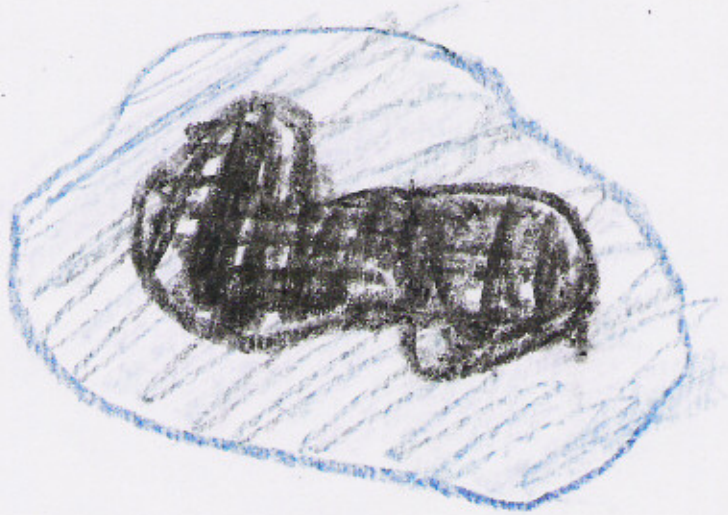
You set the birds in my tree.

545

You lift the ground to scrape my knee.

546

You are an oil spill in my sea.



Yet somehow

I still love

you...

548

I love you.

I don't know
what that means,
and I don't know
if I mean it,

549

but whatever
it means when
I say it,
is what I
really mean.

550

So it's true.

I love you.

551

(pause)

552

I almost feel like I should end it there, with my mind still intact.

553

From this point on, every page I write tears out a small piece of my mind that I will never see again.

554

I awake abruptly to find myself laying under a birch tree holding a green umbrella..

555

My mind is tattered to pieces. Each piece contains its own thought and the pieces are tumbling and spinning madly around each other.

556

If a team of scientists were to take a cross-section of my mind at this exact moment, they would either see:

557

seventy kittens tearing apart a ball of yarn,

or a tornado viewed from above.

559

My wild, unbridled thoughts stop the very moment I become aware of them.

559

My wild, unbridled thoughts stop the very moment I become aware of them.

560

Now that I have caught my mind red-handed in a state of sleep, I know for certain that I do not use even a fraction of my full brainpower when awake.

561

I know that the only direction I will ever go insane is to be consumed by the world around me.

562

When I look inwards there is nothing to see except for the things from around me that have been sucked inside.

563

To silently absorb the world is to collect one million sparks of light into an unstable container.

564

Something wild
and explosive will
result from all
this silence.

565

Look: I once set up a playground on a busy street corner, but nobody stopped to play. They didn't want to get their suits dirty.

Yes, to be unpredictable, you must first be able to predict.

567

Why didn't I say that before?

Timousness

I suppose.

568

You can measure a person by how insane they allow you to be while talking to them.

569

Conversation is naturally sane.

But conversation with yourself has no limits.

570

Suddenly it hits me like a half ton of granite.
The wisdom of old men is that they sit home alone.

571

This isn't true. the wisdom of young men is hidden in their restlessness.

572

This isn't true either. I am stuck in this predicament, in this divide between the wild action that stirs up thought and the still silence that leads to truth.

573

I am a shell
that feels
containing a ghost
that thinks.
We are all
invisible.

574

I am not willing to bet a dollar in faith that a person is who I think they are.

575

Relative to
Einstein all is
false.

. . .

I grow
tired.

576

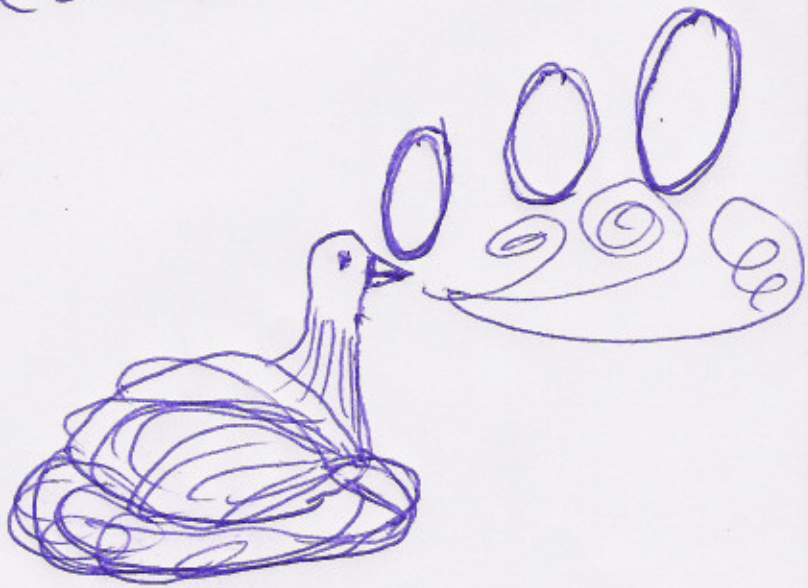
I close my eyes and attempt to transport myself to the other world. I feel it coming, the explosion.

577

The first time I try, nothing happens. The second time I try, I am strapped in with a huge smile on my face and I completely forget what trees look like.

578

I see large eggs between hens' breath.



579

As disgusting as it sounds, I think her boyfriend fish-ate it.

Eternity is a state of mind.

581

I look around.

I am no longer under the birch tree. I am now sitting in a restaurant.

582

Chapter 7

Across the table from me sits an angel.

583

The angel looks me in the eye and says,

"I want you to tell me all about yourself. And I want you to be completely honest."

I think to myself,

It's impossible
to be
completely
honest

I say aloud to the angel, "It's so refreshing to meet someone who is actually interested in who I am and not in who I must pretend to be in

order to satisfy society and abide by rules and norms and proper manners and all that."

The angel smiles.

"Yes, well I mean it when I say that I want you to tell me who you really are. I want you to reveal your soul to me like you've never revealed it to anyone before."

588

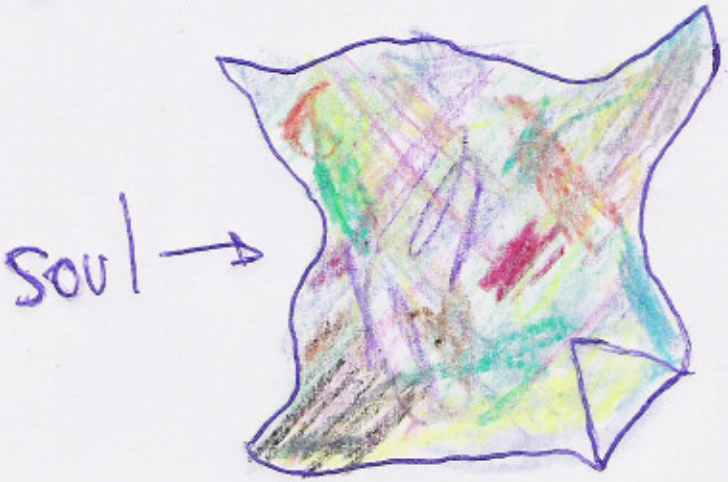
"You truly are an angel!" I say. "I've waited my whole life to find someone like you, someone to whom I can speak with utter honesty, with whom I can share my deepest thoughts and feelings. You are too good to be true!"

589

"I assure you I am real" the angel says. "Everything I am saying to you is genuine. My ears are open. Now stop gushing over me and speak!"

590

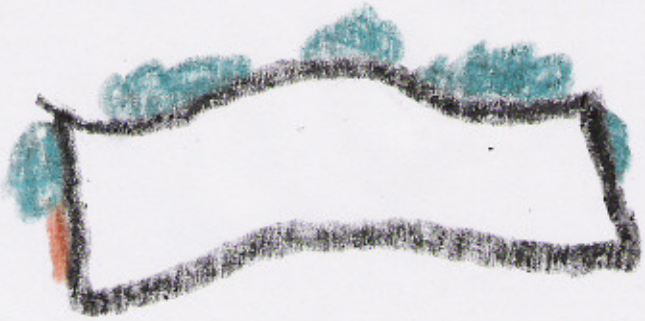
"Yes, of course. Well, where to begin? What corner of my soul shall we peel back first?"



591

"What dark cave shall we venture into?

What hidden forest shall we enter?



592

"What unexplored ocean floor shall we excavate?

What undiscovered planet shall we—"

"- Enough!" the angel yells. "Speak meaningfully or I will go explore the soul of the man with the terrible mustache sitting there in the corner."

"Oh! Please, no.
I'm just gathering
my thoughts...
Well, first of all
I think you
should know...

595

that I derive tremendous pleasure from watching a man build something with his hands.

596

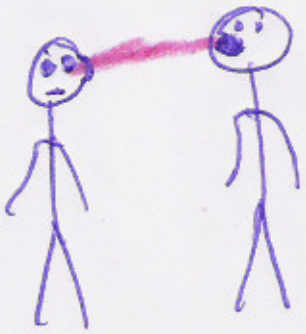
Men with big, rough hands excite me, though I don't quite know why. Perhaps because of their enormous potential for creation.

597

Men with dark, thoughtful eyes fascinate me. I would like to know what is going on inside their heads.

598

I would like to stick a straw through their ear and suck out their thoughts.



599

I am ten times happier when I am with a man than when I am with a woman, yet I would never dream of sleeping with a man.

I am attracted to SEXY things but I LOVE ugly things.

601

If I met the most beautiful woman in the world, I would be more inclined to punch her in the face than make love to her.

602

We should never discriminate based on race, gender, religion or culture. We should always discriminate based on intelligence.

603

Even so, I wish I were a fool. I want to open my mouth and let the drool slowly drip down onto my lap. I want to bash my head against the wall and hear my memories echo off of my skull and disappear down my spine.

604

On the edge of dreaming I organize the entire universe into perfectly sensible, understandable categories. Subtle epiphanies enter my mind through the chirping of birds.

605

My facial expression never reflects what is going on inside my head, unless I am laughing. I only laugh when I think something is funny, and I rarely ever laugh when nothing is funny.

606

I think it is detrimental for women to study history, especially when they have accomplished so little in comparison to men. Studying history will only dishearten them.

607

I feel bad for women, because to stand up and pee is one of the greatest joys in life.

608

I love to create things. I believe that humans exist to create. If I am not creating then I am miserable.

609

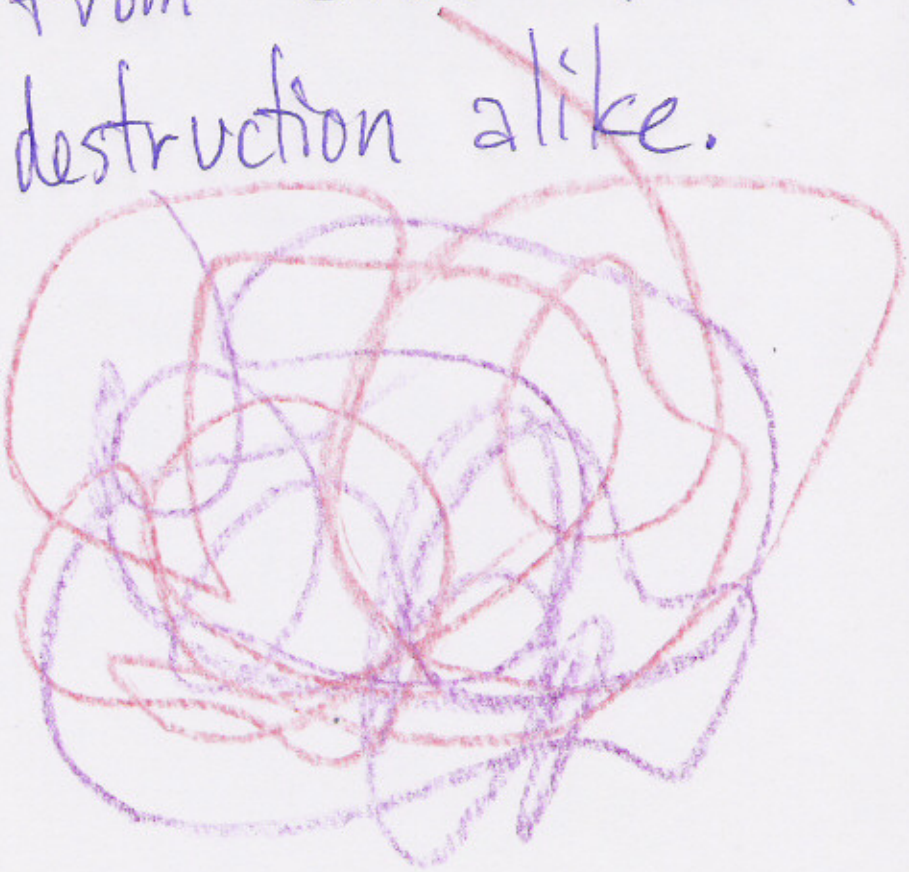
Actually, I am equally happy when I am **destroying** something. The rush of creativity is similar to the rush of destruction, though destruction is often a much more rapid process. Both can be beautiful. Both can set you free from care, from boundaries, from self.

(610)

Many of my most memorable, ecstatic moments in life have been when I was destroying something. Much like creation, destruction has no real purpose outside of the effect it has on the artist and on the witnesses of the art.

611

Silent, wordless messages flow forth from creation and destruction alike.



612

The most honest destruction comes from that deep, unquenchable place in your gut. If your heart could scream, the truest works of art would be created in the loudest moments.

613

While I do not particularly enjoy destroying people's personal property, I will make an exception when it comes to the property of females or of people under the age of 21. I very much enjoy destroying the property of corporations, governments, and nameless, unknown parties comprised of large numbers of people.

614

I love destroying things that do not leave me with a feeling of guilt, that do not hanker me with an annoying sense of responsibility.

615

Destruction is beautiful, but more importantly, it is funny. It brings forth freedom, joy and boundless laughter.

616

Destruction in its essence is the creation of fragments and starting points, the absence of an object.

617

Destruction is the creation of nothing. It is the returning of things to how they should be, to how they once were.

618

the absence of an object creates a void, an empty space with the potential to be filled by anything.

void →

(619)

By destroying one object you create one million pathways. Invisible inventions awake and dormant dreams are set in motion.

620

Destruction is the opposite of creation just as beautiful is the opposite of ugly, yet we know that all things are beautiful to someone, somewhere, at sometime.

621

All this is to justify the fact that I love to destroy things... most of all, the property of the greedy, my own ego, and lamps.

622

Sometimes, when the universe seems too beautiful and perfect, I get this violent, self-destructive urge.

623

It's only natural.
I long for the
death of the
body but not of
the mind, not of
the consciousness.

624

I long for the expiration of my physical being - my wants, needs, desires - but for the unlimited extension and continuation of my non-physical self.

625

I long to be a
pair of invisible
eyes floating free
among the trees,
the flowers, the
wind, the railroad
tracks, the crowds
of people.

I long to be like
one of those fluffy
white dandelion seeds,
drifting aimlessly,
full to the brim with
joy and wonder,
with no room left
for care or worry.

627

In other words, my ultimate aim is

FREEDOM.

Total and complete.

628

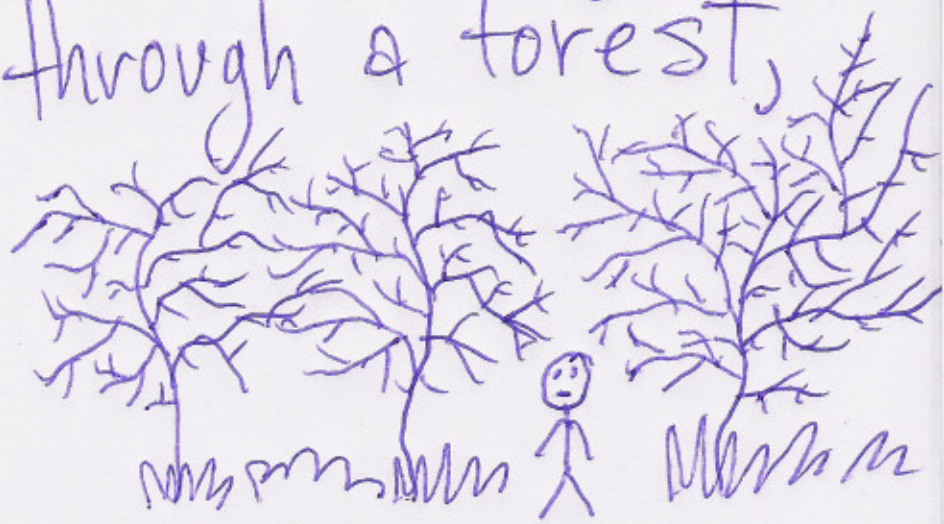
There is freedom in simply looking and appreciating, in absorbing what is all around you, in forgetting about everything else other than what is in front of you at this very moment.

629

We feel this freedom intensely when gazing out over the waters of a lake or ocean,

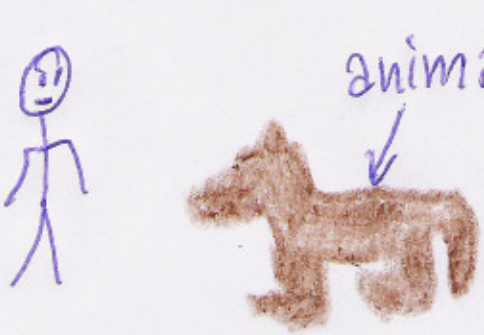
630

when walking
through a forest,



when absorbed in
the pages of a book,

when in the presence of animals,



and we can feel this intense freedom at any time, in practically any situation.

This brings me back to the longing for the death of the body, which would eliminate all physical needs and allow for continuous, uninterrupted observation, wonder, joy, appreciation and oneness with the world around us.

633

It's no coincidence that most religions call for disciplined suppression, resistance and eventual elimination of physical wants and longings.

This suppression of our physical desires, which essentially act as impediments to our mental, emotional, social and spiritual development and completeness, leads, if not to enlightenment, then at least to a life lived on a higher plane of existence and awareness.

635

Why does this matter? Because it leads to clarity, growth and a deeper form of lasting joy.

On the other hand, it may not matter at all...

636

But I've gone off on a tangent. What I'm really trying to say is that I do not see why things are the way they are.

637

I do not see why my house is identical to my neighbor's house,

638

I do not see why people sit inside on a perfectly sunny day,

639

I do not see why people go outside when they could be sitting inside reading.

640

I do not see why people work at jobs they hate,

641

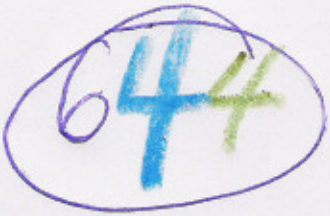
I do not see why people care about silly things like politics and fashion,

642

I do not see why people have ambition. What is their goal? To collect as many things as they can before they die? And then what?

643

I do not see why people do not enjoy being alive, I do not see why people are afraid to take risks, to be alone, to do the things they know they should do,



I do not see why people are not willing to have deep, honest conversations like the one you and I are having right now.

645

And now, my dear angel, I must tell you that my lips are quite parched and if you want me to continue speaking you'll have to buy me another drink.

646

... What's that?
I've had enough
to drink you say?
Why do you look
at me like that?
I'm disgusting?

647

What do you mean?
I thought you
wanted me to bare
my soul, to be
completely and utterly
honest, to hide nothing.
Where are you
going?

(648)

You're leaving?
Okay, goodbye
then. Don't worry
about the bill.
I'll take care of
it."

649

I awake.

Oh well, it was all just a dream, a fever that passed over and disappeared. None of it was true. Merely a fit of temporary insanity.

650

If the effect is completely eliminated then the cause did not exist. I laugh at all the silly ideas I imagined myself talking about in my dreams.

651

What a fool!
How false and
comedic dreams
are!

Back to reality.

652

"Hello Mrs. Brown.
Yes, your hair looks
lovely today. Have
you lost weight?
Of course I believe in
complete and total equality
for every single person
on earth.

653

No, I'm not a racist. I've never had a racist thought in my life!

654

Yes, I'd love to come to your birthday party. What should I buy you? No gift is too expensive!

655

Yes, I agree, the weather is quite terrible today.

I know. I have the sniffles too.

656

Yes, I wish I had more time to do the things I enjoy too. But there's nothing we can do. We must take care of our large clan of well-behaved children.

657

We must pay off the mortgage every month. We must send our kids to the nearest school. I'm sure the teachers there are of the highest quality and moral fibre.

658

You must be crazy to think otherwise. Our children will not be understimulated, misled or bored to death.

659

There's **nothing** to worry about.

Sure I'll go shopping with you next weekend. I need another pair of shoes...

660

These ones have dirt on the bottoms and my other pair have a broken shoelace.

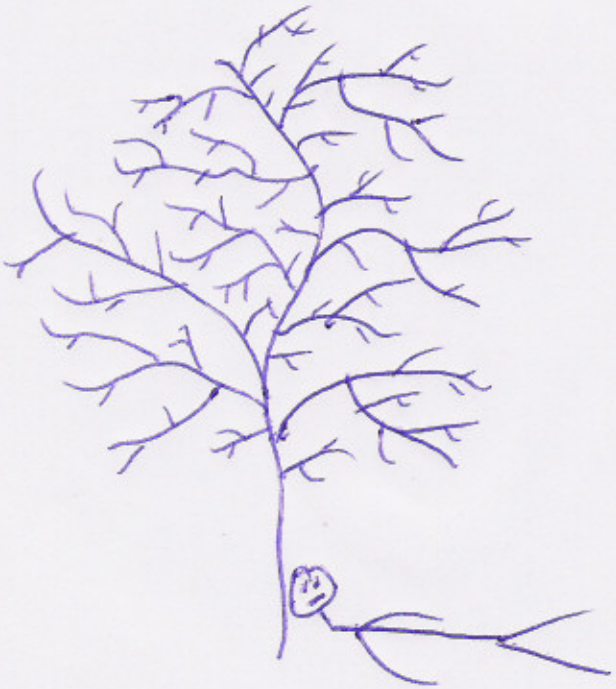
661

By the way, do you happen to have the time? Oh, is it that late already? Time for bed I guess.

I hope I don't have those silly dreams again tonight. I hate dreaming. I'd rather just turn off my brain and wake up tomorrow morning. Well, goodnight!"

663

I lay under the birch tree, unsure of whether I am awake or dreaming.



64

Though my body is still, my mind is moving constantly. I transform into a powerful wild horse,

neighing violently,
swinging my
enormous head,
smashing windows,

666

eight men try
to calm me but
I'm too strong and
I break free,

667

and as I run past
the sleeping people
they all awake
one by one to
the sound of
hooves galloping,

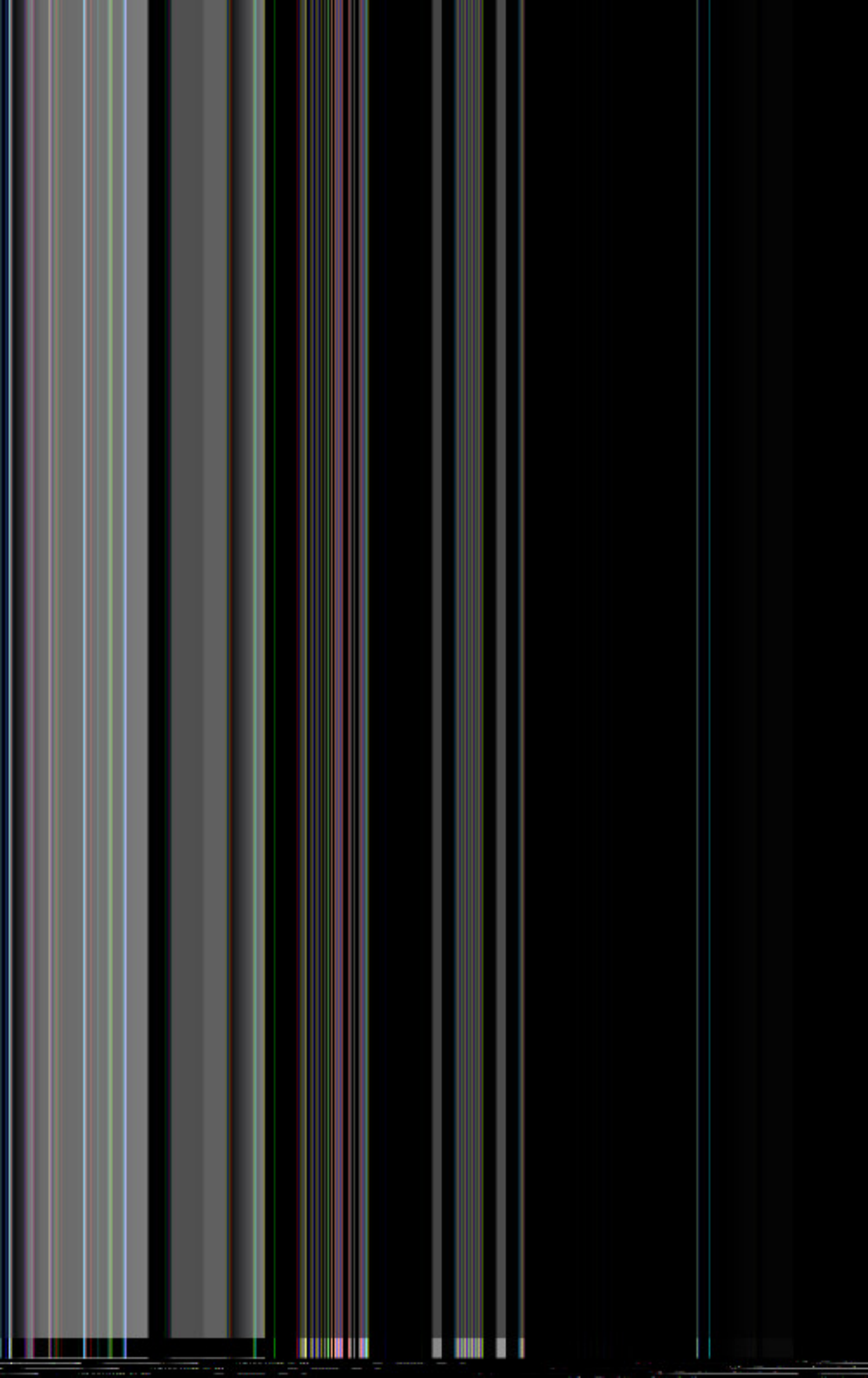
and they forget all about the news and the worries and the insecurities and the dangers and the fears and everything else that doesn't matter a damn,

669

and they decide that today is the day they walk through a forest,

670

throw a stick in a river and watch it float downstream,

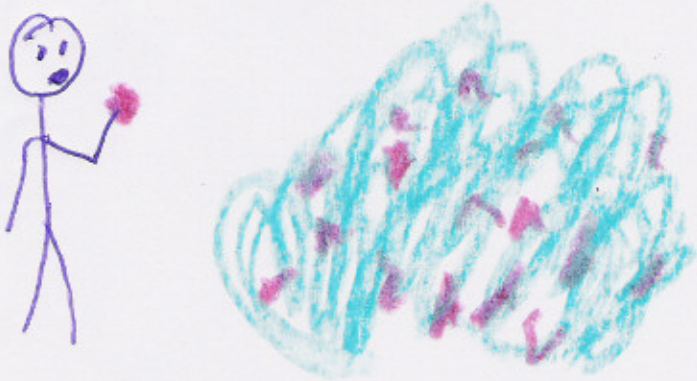


672

feed the birds,

613

eat wild berries,



674

and sit in a tree,

675

And they all sprint like madmen out of the city,

676

thousands and
thousands of them,
shedding their
shoes and watches,

their clothes
falling off, laughing
and pulling each
other's hair, their
genitalia dangling
freely in the wind,

678

and in forgetting every thing they remember who they are

679

and though they don't really know **where** they are, or **where** they're going, or **what** this **is**,

680

they don't really care because they know that it's beautiful and honest and real and it's right here, right now,

and all they have to do is look and listen and raise their face to the sky and stretch wide-open their arms,

682

and when they are born again, perfectly still and silent,

683

there will be
galloping hooves
in their ears,
a universe in
their mind,
and a raging
ocean in
their heart,

and they will finally realize, with a deep joyful sigh, that love is all around them.

685

686

I look out the
window at the
towering birch tree.

I watch it sway
slowly.

687

I wonder how many leaves it has? Probably as many leaves as there are hairs on my head. I walk outside and lay down under the tree.

688

The grass is soft and warm on my skin. A tiny green bug lands on my arm and struggles to make its way from my elbow to my wrist.

689

It trips over a hair. It jumps away into the nothingness. I close my eyes and listen to the leaves.

690

Today is a
hiccup in the
sweet sweet water.